

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Third Year of Issue

January, 1944

Smuts' Brave New World

EDITORIAL

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Who Killed the CBC?

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Dr. Beecham's Bitter Pill

R. A. CLUFF

★

Report From England

(Part III)

L. W. HENDERSON

★

Planning Post-War Canada

Control of
Our War Economy

GARLAND MACKENZIE

The Farmer's Stake in
Post-War Planning

DAVID SMITH

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

28 Wellington Street West, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada

Telephone WA. 5118

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Typography: Service Linotyping Co., Toronto

Press Work: Merchants Press, Toronto.

O CANADA

Basic English is a well designed opening wedge for the adoption of full English in all places upon the face of the earth where English is not now spoken.

This is God's plan for the promotion of world brotherhood by the elimination of the language barrier. . . .

French is not the right and final language of eastern Canada, the B.N.A. Act notwithstanding! The B.N.A. Act is an act of men, but the British language is "an act of God!"

(Letter to the Editor, Vancouver Province)

The opportunity to make a fair profit is one of the essential freedoms in any freedom-loving country, ensuring that the wants of the people shall be met and spreading prosperity for the nation as a whole.

(From an advertisement of the Bank of Toronto, Toronto Star)

Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Federal Pensions Minister, told the Canadian Legion there is no need to regard the postwar period with pessimism.

He reiterated a previous statement that "I accept the proposition" that full employment should be possible after the war, since full employment was created in the war period.

(Globe and Mail)

While I was talking to Jane Grey one morning last week a woman dashed in and asked if her hat was ready. Jane assured her that it was and produced a clever little Russian affair with a military air (not surprising when one considers the Russians' great interest in military affairs just now).

(From the column "Let's Be Smarter," Toronto Star)

A proper understanding of the Ten Commandments is necessary before any new order can be brought in, and if growing youth is devoid of a clear understanding of these commands, what chance is there for the new order?

Take the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." In addition to the moral charge it is a command against the adulteration of water through chlorination or any other agency. It calls for measures to stop the pollution of any stream, blood or otherwise.

The Ten Commandments should be understood for their practical, everyday use.

(Letter to the Editor, Vancouver Province)

What is private enterprise? It is the natural desire to make your own way, as far as your ability will take you; an instinct that has brought to this continent the highest standard of life enjoyed by any people on earth. It is the spirit of democracy on the march.

(From an advertisement of the Royal Bank of Canada, Victoria Daily Times)

One of the hardest jobs the Allied governments have had to tackle in this war is to refuse permission and assistance to those who would pour food into occupied Europe for the feeding of children who are, admittedly, living in semi-starvation under German rule. They have been forced to do so, however, because they have reason to know that Germany, and not her child victims, would benefit if the scheme were allowed.

(News)

ALGER STORY

Harry Falconer McLean got his money the hard way—and maybe that's why he's been dropping ten spots, centuries and grands in the hands of little fellows he meets in his wandering. . . . Down in Halifax he gave a couple of thousand dollars to the five-months-old son of his taxi driver. . . . Now a top-flight executive reputedly worth millions, McLean hasn't found life a bed of roses. He started as a water boy with Winston Bros., a railway construction firm in Minneapolis. Later he became timekeeper with a Montana firm and then . . . general superintendent of Toronto Construction Co. . . . until 1912 when he became general manager of Cook Construction Co. The first Great War came along and McLean became a colonel. . . . Back in Canada, he held many executive posts. . . . He took over as president of Dominion Construction in 1931. No construction job has stopped him. . . . He keeps busy, often travelling between two or three major jobs in a few hours, by plane. But he'd sooner be in the thick of things, he told one reporter in an interview. "Here's what I'd like to be doing, kid," he said, "taking my own plane and \$1,000,000 worth of bombs. Boy! Would I like to unload on a few good targets myself."

(Canadian Press dispatch in Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Mrs. D. Fraser, Ossoyos, B.C. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication from which taken.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXIII, No. 276



Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, January, 1944

Rededication

When these words are read, the fifth Christmas and the fifth New Year's Day of World War II will have passed into history. Once again, the season of gifts has failed to bring the great gift for which the world is yearning—the gift of peace. With a sigh and a prayer, we tighten our lips for a continuance of the necessary ordeal.

For Canadians at home the ordeal is spiritual. Our little burdens and inconveniences fade to nothingness beside the miseries inflicted on millions in other lands. It is the thought of these, and of our loved ones in the battle zones, that brings a soreness to our hearts, even while it strengthens the resolve that out of this war shall grow a world worthy of the sacrifice.

It is a good time to rededicate ourselves to that purpose. Nothing is better for tribulation of the spirit than thought directed to action. We should be reading and thinking now about the things that need doing if this great end is to be achieved. For if as individuals we fail to make up our minds about the kind of Canada, and the kind of world, we want after this war, and how these can be attained, we can count upon being led by the nose by people who know what they want, and are out to get it whether it is good for the rest of us or not. We owe it to those who are doing the fighting to keep untarnished at home the ideals for which they are risking their lives in battle.

Teheran

Even statesmen as inured to the camera as Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt may be excused for looking a little self-conscious on an occasion like the Teheran conference. Still, this doesn't quite account for the strained, Mona Lisa smiles which the candid photographers immortalized on the porch of the Russian embassy. They used to call Joseph Stalin "the Sphinx of the Kremlin." Perhaps the air of mystery that has always clung to the great Georgian proved infectious, and spread to the other members of this triumvirate which now more than ever seems to hold the destiny of us all in its six fallible human hands.

Even the famous "leaks" which caused such a stir in communication circles only served to darken the impenetrable cloud of secrecy in which the great chess game was played out. We in the valleys can do little but trust and—obey; our fate is in others' keeping. Nevertheless, from countless puzzled hearts the cry arises: Surely, some day, we shall learn how to shape our future in a manner that does not place such terrible demands upon the wisdom of three ageing men.

"We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of operations. . . . We recognize the supreme responsibility resting upon us and all the nations to make a peace which will command good will from the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world and banish the scourge of war for many generations. . . . We look with confidence to the day when all the peoples of the world may live free lives untouched by tyranny and according to their varying desires and their own consciences."

For many generations? Only that? . . . Confidence? . . . Free lives? . . . Varying desires? What lies beneath these brave but baffling words? Only history can tell.

A Year of Bracken

Mr. Bracken's speech in Hamilton on December 10 was professedly a report to his party and to the Canadian people on his year of party leadership. But it had almost nothing to say as to what he had accomplished or as to what difference his leadership had made either to the party or to the country. He had nothing to say about specific policies or concrete issues. The speech was one long collection of empty generalities about liberty, abundance, centralization, decentralization, co-operation, and so on ad nauseam. It was not a discussion of policies but a parade of slogans, and he added even "the co-operative commonwealth" to the other more usual sacred Tory phrases. On the whole the speech was revealing chiefly because it showed a Bracken who has been sinking steadily during the past year to the level of the Toronto gang who manipulated his nomination. The unscrupulous way in which a quarrel was picked with the CBC we may attribute to his Toronto managers. But Mr. Bracken must himself take responsibility for the mean tactics of confusing the socialism of the CCF with the "National Socialism" of the Nazis. He should leave that stuff to his friends on the *Globe and Mail*. And we must say that on the whole theme of "revolutionary methods . . . a dictatorship supported by force" our bank presidents in their annual speeches have shown much more fire and ferocity than the Tory leader. To do that sort of thing well you have to be suffering from a pathological hysteria, like the writers of the *Globe and Mail* editorials, or from high blood pressure, like the bank presidents.

The Labor Court Experiment

The unhappy experiment of a Labor Court is likely to come to an early end. Even if the long-awaited Dominion collective bargaining code is confined to war industry, the Ontario government has, through its Minister of Labor, indicated that it is aware of the deep dissatisfaction of labor with the Court. And the CCF opposition in Ontario, with its own draft of a trade union act entrusting the enforcement of the act to an administrative tribunal, will not let the provincial government forget the problem.

Not all the decisions of the Court have been of the kind to provoke such spontaneous and bitter comments of AF of L and CIO spokesmen as followed the Aluminum Company decision, termed a flagrant miscarriage of justice. In that case, the Court certified an employees' council in the face of overwhelming evidence that the employees no longer wanted it and that over 55 per cent. had actually joined the international unions. But the rigid techniques of law courts, the failure of the court to detect anything improper in the most palpable forms of company domination, the endless technicalities, the offensive innuendoes and the histrionic cross-examinations have all served to exacerbate labor relations rather than to improve them.

The experiment cannot be written off as entirely without value if it has taught labor that those who do not believe in collective bargaining, but think it politically expedient to make concessions to labor, can always be trusted to see that there are jokers in any legislation which they introduce. The truth is that Liberals and Conservatives alike want to

limit labor's gains to a minimum. They want to lull the worker with promises, without conceding any real change in the relations of labor and ownership. The pressure of the CCF group in the Ontario legislature, with its own ideas of what is necessary for genuine collective bargaining legislation, will make such a policy very difficult for Mr. Drew's government.

The New CBC Network

The clamor of the press and private stations over the formation of a second national network by the CBC vibrates with humorous overtones. The independent stations have always contended that Canada needs a second network to provide an alternative for listeners who do not happen to fancy what is being broadcast over the main hook-up. But they have always aspired to the control of such a chain themselves; and, denied permission, they have vilified the CBC as an autocratic bureaucracy. Now they are furious. A second network, they protest, will not only intensify the monopolistic character of the CBC, and lessen the "competition" needed to keep the Corporation on its toes, but will provide needlessly for more network advertising.

The new network, like the main one, will be largely a hook-up of private stations, and these will of course carry whatever commercially sponsored programs are booked for the chain, receiving a share of the proceeds. But if the private stations were permitted to form their own network, they would receive *all* the proceeds, and would undoubtedly do their best to swell the total of advertising. But here the press cuts in with a cry of horror at the idea of a publicly owned utility fostering an increase in advertising, just when the government is allegedly trying to curb advertising volume in the interests of both paper conservation and an anti-inflationary policy.

The truth is that ever since the war began the newspapers have fought tooth and nail against any restrictions on advertising, and with the aid of pressure from advertisers have succeeded in keeping the volume at very high levels. As a result, we have seen makers and sellers of consumer goods doing their clever best to beguile the public into spending its money freely on non-essentials, in the same issues of papers in which the government—and even some of the advertisers!—are using expensive space to urge people to save their money and put it into Victory Bonds and war stamps. These mutually contradictory appeals have provided one of the diverting spectacles of our "total" war.

It is not altogether humorous, however, to see those who have ignored the national interest by assiduously promoting "business as usual" through their advertising columns now posing as its true friends. We grieve for our publishers, compelled to defend and attack the same thing in a single breath, and in separate breaths to support their secretly hated rivals, the private radio stations, in the general assault of private interests on public enterprise.

Mr. Howe and the Future

Nothing as amazing as the address of Hon. C. D. Howe to the Toronto Canadian Club has hit Canada since the "Sunshine Editions" published by a Toronto paper during the last depression. Coming from a minister of the Crown, it is calculated to make the shivers run up and down the backs of those who still have vivid memories of the unplanned thirties, and who had hoped that the war had taught

Canadian politicians the folly of letting our economy run itself "by guess and by God."

Mr. Howe seemed at first to hint that he had learned that lesson. "The same aggressive steps that are now being taken to prevent breakdowns in wartime can be applied to preventing breakdowns of our economy in the post-war period," he declared. "Let us continue that close partnership of Government, industry, the producer and the worker that has built the Canada of today, to build the Canada of tomorrow, and make Canadians the happiest people on God's green earth."

But from there on Mr. Howe gave no indication of a desire to follow his own prescription. He pictured a world in which we would "apply wartime inventions to peacetime uses . . . fill the air with television . . . make use of newly invented plastics . . . expand our research organizations." How would all this be done? Leave it to private industry, said Mr. Howe. To quote the *Globe and Mail*, he "warned against post-war planning based on 'the alleged need for public works to take up unemployment and on social security plans as a protection against want and misfortune.' War production now is at the peak, he said, and declared he saw no need to fear post-war unemployment." Never a word about the workers that are even now being laid off in war plants across Canada. Never a word about the service men who are being discharged with a pittance to tide them over months of enforced idleness. We have it from Mr. Howe (and that should be enough) that "the argument that the aftermath of this war must be parallel to the aftermath of the last war cannot be sustained"—that everything will turn out bright and beautiful if we just wave a wand and leave it to private industry.

Gen. McNaughton Retires

As we go to press, word comes of the retirement from active duty of Lieut.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, under whose command the Canadian troops overseas have grown from a single division to a two-corps army. This news will be received with regret, not least, we are sure, by the troops he has commanded. As a scientist and a great citizen soldier, his qualities are those calculated to inspire respect and devotion in men not reared in the military tradition of older lands, proud of their status as Canadians, and eager to reap the fruits of the long, dreary months of training designed to knit them into an effective shock force. The official announcement refers to the "recent illness" of Gen. McNaughton, and the development of "a physical condition which will necessitate freedom from all military responsibility for an extended period." It is safe to say that the heavy strain entailed in his position has not been exclusively physical. Press dispatches hint at differences over policy, the real significance of which must remain obscure until the history of this war, and Canada's part in it, comes to be written. Gen. McNaughton's own farewell to his troops is restrained and soldierly, as one would expect; yet it shows traces of deep feeling. He makes no reference to his illness, refers to his relinquishment of command with "the deepest and most heartfelt regret," and thanks his comrades in arms for "the support you have given in overwhelming measure in building the 1st Canadian Army into the complete, well-balanced, battle-worthy organization it is today." Whatever may be the full story, the sympathy and good wishes of all who value genuine merit and honest public service will follow Gen. McNaughton in his enforced retirement.

Smuts' Brave New World

Editorial

► THE speech of Field Marshal Smuts to the Empire Parliamentary Association on November 25 tells us much more about what is going on among the statesmen who control our lives than do all the grandiloquent manifestoes which have come out of the Moscow, Cairo and Teheran conferences. There is a widespread suspicion that it was delivered by arrangement with Mr. Churchill. At any rate it expresses ideas which were likely to be more palatable when coming from a pseudo-liberal, ex-League of Nations man like Premier Smuts than from an unregenerate imperialist such as Winston himself. Characteristically, most of our Canadian papers have failed completely to point out its real implications.

American commentators have made the meaning of the first part of the speech painfully obvious. When Marshal Smuts proposes some kind of union between Britain and the western European states, he is thinking in terms of spheres of influence and the old balance of power. Evidently all the fine professions about a global nuclear alliance among the big four powers to maintain peace and international security are to him largely eyewash. He is afraid that Britain is not going to be powerful enough in the post-war world and he wants to add to her power. Power against whom? Against Germany or Japan? Not at all. Against her dear allies, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. Nothing would seem more certain than that the little western European states will refuse to have anything to do with the proposition that they tie themselves up to the power politics of the British Empire. At least that will be the answer of the Scandinavian states. But Holland and Belgium and Portugal have overseas empires which they cannot defend, even if they could hope to keep their own home-lands out of the grip of power politics. So they will have a hard choice. And France also has an empire which she cannot defend. But we doubt whether the invitation to walk into the British parlor will seem any more attractive to DeGaullist France than it did to Vichy France when Mr. Churchill first issued it.

There is no use in becoming morally indignant at this frank British avowal of power politics. Russia is also engaged in building up her sphere of influence in eastern Europe. And some Americans are talking of making the Pacific an American lake, just as the British, so they suspect, are proceeding to make a British lake out of the Mediterranean. In this sequence of emerging imperialisms it would be useless to inquire which is the chicken and which is the egg.

The second main theme of the Smuts speech was the proposal to reorganize the British Empire and Commonwealth on regional lines. The British Commonwealth is a loose association of six sovereign states—Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Eire. One of these states, Great Britain, rules over a great dependent empire which is scattered all across the world. South Africa, Australia and New Zealand have little empires of their own in the shape of mandated territories which they picked up at the end of the last war. There were no German possessions in the north Atlantic or Pacific in 1918, and so Canada has no empire; though of course we now have our eyes on Newfoundland. (The oldest colony used to be a Dominion, but it was reabsorbed into Britain's empire a few years ago when British bondholders became alarmed about their investments there.)

On a regional basis the only part of Britain's empire outside of Newfoundland in which we could be interested would be the British West Indies. The United States has acquired options in some areas there. On the whole the West Indies are liabilities rather than assets to Britain. They have been allowed to sink into blighted slum areas; and only the most high-flying altruism, one would suppose, could induce us to think of assuming responsibility for them.

But the case of Marshal Smuts' own Dominion, South Africa, is quite different. Outside of India and the Malay states, the part of Britain's empire which is potentially most valuable is located in the African continent. And South Africa is the only white state in that great continent. It has notoriously been dreaming dreams about its manifest destiny in Africa. Marshal Smuts wants the British African colonies grouped into bigger units who would then be given responsible government. What he means by this is responsible government for the whites, as in Kenya, who would then be free to do what they pleased with the blacks and with the Indian immigrants, emancipated from the control of Downing Street. If there are any innocents in Canada who haven't grasped what Marshal Smuts was so broadly hinting at with regard to Africa they should seek illumination by studying the record of the Union of South Africa on the color question.

Marshal Smuts' regional reorganization will no doubt also be interesting to Australia. The speeches of Messrs. Curtin and Evatt make it clear that they are thinking of an Australian sphere of influence in the southwest Pacific, which would mean that Australia became responsible for a good many of the islands to be conquered from Japanese hands, and also became the white base from which the Dutch empire in those parts would henceforth be defended. It is strategic schemes of this kind which make Australian statesmen eager for closer organization of the Empire-Commonwealth. They want the British navy and air force committed to defending Australian ambitions as well as Australian security in the south Pacific. But Australia knows that in future she depends even more upon the help of the United States than upon that of Britain. It is to Washington that Mr. Evatt, who is the brains of the Australian Labor Party, makes his chief pilgrimages. We don't quite see him joining completely in the Smuts project of consolidating British power in this balance-of-power politics against the United States.

Who Killed the CBC?

► IF THE current rumpus over the CBC tends to leave the ordinary citizen slightly bewildered, it is partly because those who are out to "get" our public broadcasting authority have done their best to confuse the issue.

The point in question is not the merit or demerit of public radio, or whether it can be kept "out of politics." It is whether the present government is really interested in making the system work. Interference by a cabinet minister with a CBC discussion series, and refusal of network time to a party leader for an important address, are merely consequences of the seeming indifference with which the government has permitted this great experiment in democracy to become the prey of incompetence, apathy and divided loyalties.

Having appointed a board of governors who, with a few exceptions, lacked both the special knowledge and the intelligent enthusiasm the job demands, the government neglected

to fill vacancies as they occurred with better timber, or left them unfilled for long intervals. The board, showing little real zest for its work, permitted mismanagement to reach such a pass that a governor and several officials resigned in order to force a showdown. Only after months of pressure did the government order a parliamentary enquiry; and when the committee placed the blame squarely upon the board of governors, no steps were taken to force resignations which should have been tendered voluntarily. Several members of this same board are still in office.

For some weeks after war broke out, the general manager and a cabinet minister formulated policies without a meeting of the board. And when, following the enquiry, the general manager was demoted, a member of the censured board was given his post. At present the position has been vacant for two months, with the assistant manager carrying on.

And now we have a minister of the Crown dictating what shall go into a discussion program originated by the CBC and a group of Canadian citizens. Is it any wonder the acting manager, having submitted to outside meddling with no remonstrance from the board, should have exercised undue caution about allowing a "political" address to go on the network—especially since the board has fozzled the whole question of "political" broadcasts? Sensible men, acting independently, would have realized the impossibility of drawing a line between "political" and "non-political" discussion of current questions, and would have applied the commonsense criterion: Is the address likely to be of general interest? In the case of Mr. Bracken's speech, the answer would have been, of course, unquestionably in the affirmative. The same would have been true of the Progressive-Conservative convention a year ago.

Those who wish to destroy the CBC have seized on these incidents to prove that, since it is impossible to keep public radio "out of politics," we should divest it of its authority. Even journals like the *Winnipeg Free Press* and *Toronto Saturday Night* are now joining in the cry for an "independent" commission that would rule over both the CBC and the private stations. (The Sifton interests own both the *Free Press* and a string of radio stations; *Saturday Night* owns no stations, but can be counted upon to rally round private enterprise when the whip is cracked). We are not told how such a commission could be kept more free from political influence than the CBC; presumably it, too, would be government-appointed. But private interests are content to demolish one obstacle at a time. If an "independent" commission proved recalcitrant, it too could doubtless be sabotaged. Meanwhile, anything to discredit the CBC.

It is indeed a marvel that we have been able to get as good service from the CBC as we have. Its failures have not been due to any defects in the Broadcasting Act, or to the intentions of its founders, but to the present government's refusal to create the conditions under which alone the Act can be fully implemented.

If the government wishes to escape the onus of having been the chief saboteur of the CBC, let it make a clean sweep. Let it appoint a new board of governors, properly qualified for their important trust, thoroughly representative of the people of Canada, and unshakably loyal to the public interest. Let it appoint a general manager of proven administrative ability and constructive imagination. Then let it see that the Corporation's hands are kept free to carry out the spirit and the letter of the Act. Otherwise we shall see written one day on the tombstone of a great venture in public ownership and control: Here lies the CBC—sabotaged by its enemies, betrayed by its friends.

"Trail of the North"

Arthur J. Turner

► AN EIGHT WEEK, 4500-mile tour of the Yukon and Northern British Columbia on behalf of the C.C.F. has been one of my finest experiences. A visit to this land of pure gold, sunshine, and philosophers, is never to be forgotten.

The Yukon Territory is a vast country of over 200,000 square miles with a small population of about 4,000, including Eskimos and Indians, and is administered by an elected Council of three and an appointed Controller. This system is more remote from the people than our Provincial Governments, but the rigors of the North have produced a hardy folk who are schooled by nature to endure many trials including the administration.

Dawson City has, over the years, lost forty-nine-fiftieths of its population (from 50,000 to 1,000), yet in spite of its streets of abandoned hotels, cafes, saloons, and workshops, it has a friendly and co-operative atmosphere enhanced by the natural optimism of the Yukoners. Seen in the summertime with its three and one-half inch pansies, many other beautiful flowers, and healthy growth of garden truck, it is a city of charm.

The rugged individualism and the days of free enterprise known to Soapy Smith and Skookhum Jim are passed, and gold mining is now mainly in the hands of capitalist corporations using large and powerful dredges. There are eleven such ships scattered over the Klondike creeks and I had the pleasure of visiting one of these industrial monsters. Ship No. 4, styled the "Queen of the Fleet," has a line of 75 buckets, each with a capacity of 16 cubic feet. It handles about 13,000 yards every 24 hours and can dig 60 feet below the water level. The operating crew is 20 men spread over three shifts.

The machine age has forgotten nothing, not even the lonely creeks of the Far North. The gold dredge is a queer-looking but efficient creature, as it sits in its own little puddle . . . lonely, but busily fussing with the dirt for 24 hours each day, separating the "pay" from the rest. It moves along slowly like a mechanical prehistoric monster grubbing in the dirt ahead and stacking the stones in high heaps at its rear. As it moves it takes its puddle with it in its journey up or down or across the valley.

With acres and acres of stones washed clean, and stacked in ridges for miles on end, one can imagine the picture of utter desolation presented. As a result of this method of stacking the tailings, there is no earth for about the first twenty feet down and one might guess that nothing could grow for a century . . . truly a monument to man's indifference to his children's welfare. To one who loves a country filled with nature's loveliness, it gives a feeling of being in a huge graveyard where even the trees and creeks are buried.

All this is what we are pleased to term industrial development, but side by side with this is the usual development (outlook) of the workers, who, like their fellow wage earners in other parts, are now looking to Socialism and are accepting the C.C.F. as their political expression.

The Labor situation is a first-class mess and the war effort suffers as a result. Canadians in the North are demoralized owing to the wide disparity in the wages received by the Americans as compared with their own. Workers should not go to the Yukon without a written

agreement negotiated by or with the consent of their union. If they are not organized they should not go at all.

Canadian contractors have been pushed off construction jobs to make way for the larger and better-equipped U.S. contractor organizations which can finish the jobs in less time. No objection would be made to this change except that by agreement between the U.S. and Canadian governments, no Canadians can be employed by the American companies.

The American contractors are willing to pay U.S. rates to Canadians in the Yukon, but the authorities, no doubt fearful that the whole Canadian wage structure would be upset, have decreed, to take a case in point, that Canadian truck drivers must continue to work for 85c an hour, with a 48-hour week, alongside the American truck driver with a basic rate of \$1.40 an hour and a 40-hour week.

Other wage differentials now existing in the North accentuate the enormous spread between the two groups of English-speaking Allies:

	Per Hour	
	U.S. Rate	Can. Rate
Blacksmiths	\$1.56½	\$1.10
Carpenters	1.41½	1.20
Electricians	1.61½	1.20
Structural Steel Workers	1.75	1.35
Sheetmetal Workers	1.56½	1.20
Machinists	1.56½	1.10
Machinists' Helpers	1.06½	.85
Tractor Operators (small)	1.40	.90
Tractor Operators (large)	1.60	1.20
Shovel Operators	2.00	1.35
Laborers96½	.75

In addition to the higher basic rate, the Americans' pay is computed in U.S. funds which gives them an additional ten per cent. premium on all money spent in Canadian territory.

American contractors also have their own commissaries at which their employees may purchase clothes and sundries at lower than the regular retail prices.

Tax reductions also favor the Americans to an approximate ratio of 23 to 40 on the money wage.

Yet in spite of special inducements, appeals to patriotism, long distance travel expenses on full pay, and the lure of almost unlimited overtime, the labor turnover in the American contractors' camps is appalling. Although no official figures are kept, superintendents and foremen that I have interviewed supply the information that a two-months' stay on the job is a fair average. For instance, a report covering ten days was brought to my attention, which included 220 terminations on a payroll of 2,900.

Canadians, it seems, are more willing to stay in the territory, as the average period appears to be at least double that of the U.S. workers, yet they are denied the right to work on at least six airports and a number of other construction jobs.

Canadian workers in the Yukon are boiling with discontent, and no "scientific" explanation of the need or reason for the wide wage differentials will convince them of the necessity of the comparatively low net returns for similar work in the same territory.

U.S. and Canadian labor representation on the boards governing these jobs would put the "cards face up," and would certainly be more helpful than "Orders from Ottawa." It is to be hoped that the government will not ignore this legitimate demand of the workers in the North.

Dr. Beecham's Bitter Pill

R. A. Cluff

► CIRCUMSTANCES momentarily beyond my control and the presence of a traitor in my own family compelled me to listen yesterday for the first time to one of those presentations called, I believe, soap operas; which I recognized at once. It was undoubtedly either *Barriers Burned Away* or *From Jest To Earnest*; naturally I did not take time to identify it more closely.

It is rather disquieting to find that the flood of sentiment that threatened to engulf our generation is still swishing around in the conduit pipes; on the other hand it is nice to know that the sluice gates are now operated by persons who have at their disposal great quantities of soap.

Sir Thomas Beecham's tradition has nothing to do with soap. His family have always been pill dispensers. Sir Thomas gave one to our CBC the other day. If they swallowed it, it must have had a bitter taste, for Sir Thomas told them plainly that not only had they the worst broadcasting system in the world but that it has been so for a considerable time; its reputation, as such, had become well established. Although those who know Sir Thomas admit it is possible he might (in a temper) grow quite voluble, profuse and discursive, it is presumed, in the absence of any credible evidence, that he had been listening to the soap operas, that his criticism was directed solely, and in a constructive way of course, at the musical programs our public broadcasting system provides.

In Canada the radio has become a public utility, and the people of Canada feel that it ought to be developed under intelligent direction for the benefit and education of the public. A great many people agree with Sir Thomas Beecham that it is not being so developed. As far as music is concerned, its possibilities have been often aborted. When the CBC, a short time ago, announced a series of concerts, starting with the familiar *Chu Chin Chow* and the well remembered *Tom Jones*, many incurably trustful people settled back in their chairs anticipating the revival of those musical comedies which flourished at the turn of the century, and have had no exact parallel in modern times — operettas like *The Arcadians*, *The Country Girl*, *The Prince of Pilsen*, *The Royal Chef*, *The Gingerbread Man*, *The Spring Maid*, to mention a few of the multitude. What actually happened, please believe me, was that after four of the series were given there came a little lady with a harpsichord playing supposititious Bach.

This is just one illustration of that ingenious paradox cherished by the musical fraternity, that the really impossible public can appreciate nothing but the lower kinds of music, and so the good old public will support concerts at which artists strive to display their most highly technical pieces. In other words, no attempt has been made to bridge the gap between amateur and professional standards in music.

The most intense enthusiasm is not enough to accomplish this. We may have a sincere love of music; we may even have that rarer gift, an instinctive feeling for good music, without being able properly to appreciate the symphonies of Beethoven and Bach or the works of Debussy, Ravel and Berg. To uninstructed ears (and this comes from an unimpeachable authority) these fugues, symphonies, and concertos are nothing more than a particularly loud and confused welter of sound, tuneless except for a repeti-

tion of certain chords which, when identified, prove quite uninteresting. When it is explained that the movement represented a wood-nymph dancing in a sylvan glade the vulgar public is inclined to become very vulgar indeed.

The truth of the matter is that this passion for painting pictures and creating atmospheres through musical compositions has been over-indulged. People are beginning to listen to the scientists who tell them that music is sound, that music is nothing but sound, and that it can depict a scene only so far as it reproduces the music we associate with such a scene; that, specifically, it can not create any illusion of sight. The reason for this is physiological; the sense of hearing is functionally different from the sense of sight, as it depends on touch stimuli while sight depends on chemical stimuli. The senses of sight, taste and smell may be grouped together in one class, those senses responding to the stimuli of chemical reaction; while the senses of hearing and feeling belong in a different category activated by the stimuli of touch.

A man listening to a Sonata of Beethoven might conceivably experience a sensation somewhat similar to that of a man stroking a cat (this is the classic example), but he could never experience, as a reaction to the music he is hearing, a sensation similar to that of a man gazing at a sunset. So say the scientists. Confucius say the Chinese always drank tea in blue cups because they thought the color harmonized with the taste; and so, of course, it does; but let us have no more program pieces describing the old master walking in his garden, or we may cry out, being ourselves hopelessly vulgar, "Now there! *That* is the dance of the wood-nymph." The critics' withers will no doubt be wrung on hearing of such levity, but the critics are always having wither trouble. If the individual cannot interpret a composer's music to suit himself, by what authority did Disney use Stravinsky's *Sacré du Printemps* to describe the appearance of primeval life in an antediluvian world? With some success, judging by the reviews. Nevertheless the piece was written as an invocation to Spring; and the similarity between the two subjects escapes at least one earnest enquirer. As for the critics, if they are again hamstrung they have not dared to discover their plight.

It ought to stand to the credit of the amateur music-lover that he does not seriously question professional standards. After all, he admits, the same guy who wrote the *Serenade* wrote the *Unfinished Symphony*, didn't he? And seemed to want to finish it, too. So that, if the CBC has in mind the business of elevating the public taste, although it will find the task a particularly thankless one and progress will have to be made slowly, inoffensively, almost insidiously, it will also find that the average man is, in his own way, intensely devoted to music. Through it alone he succeeds in throwing off that weariness of mind, born of the curious cumulative stupidity of all created things, that is our common heritage, the same weariness of mind which once engulfed Saul, drear and stark in the black mid-tent's silence.

Since there is a point in its progress towards technical perfection at which music remains no longer an art and becomes a science, a certain amount of tuition or exposition is necessary before the average man can appreciate this higher mathematics of music, the intellectual as well as the emotional appeal. There are numbers of us who are too old, or too busy, or, let us say it frankly, too lazy, to submit ourselves to the usual tedious course of training, without which, certain musical authorities insist, we cannot hope to appreciate the beauty of music; as if the School of Engineers should hold the view that a man cannot be heard on

the excellence of his own front porch unless he has graduated from dirty old S.P.S., or the like institution, if any. Having observed that the other arts and sciences can become so popularized that the *Story of Philosophy* and the *Outlines of Science and of History* have been the best sellers of their day, we begin to cast about for a more pleasant method of familiarizing ourselves with the principles of music, its first conceptions, its primitive forms, the organization and development of theory and practice.

Well, why not use the radio? Why not ask the CBC to meet this challenge of a great listening public ready to be organized in a trans-Canada music class? We may have to abandon our evenings to the impious noises welling up nightly from the land to the south of us, the land of divine discontent and Frank Sinatra, but does the thing have to go on all day? Could not a series of lectures be arranged to cover, first of all, the historical periods of music? Some really excellent phonograph records, notably the English productions, are available to suit this purpose. With the aid of these, or, much better, after the fashion of Walter Damrosch, in conjunction with his own orchestra, the lecturer could illustrate the characteristics of plainsong, the old choral chants, the medieval method of organizing, the more modern contrapuntal phrasing, and the musical forms of fugue and symphony. The average man is an inquisitive animal; he likes to understand the mechanics of his subject, see how it is put together, appreciate the interrelation of its parts and gain his own perspective of the final complicated structure. The lecturer would be able to show how the distinct tunes are repeated or blended in one harmony, to point out the recurring motifs, and, in short, to exhibit all the ingenious devices of the great artificers of music. With his interest in the game thus awakened, the listener would at least be put fairly on the road to a proper appraisal of good music. If he were induced, by this means, to undertake a systematic study, I imagine the most satisfying experience that music has to offer would come when, with his miniature score in front of him, the radio fan would follow a new composition just as a reader would scan the pages of some great masterpiece of literature.

That seems to dispose of everything except the problem of how the public is to be delivered into the hands of the educator. It is very easy to turn off a program that threatens to be too highbrow or too out of this world. The CBC will have to feed the public some kind of pap, even if it is the class of music which devotees greet with a shudder and dismiss with one word—"saccharine." And no more Bach premieres on harpsichords. The writer is unhappily intimate with a young man devoid of virtue who has the nasty habit of ranging up and down the keyboard of the piano with one finger cocked for a wrong note, any wrong note, it seems, will do, giving tongue meanwhile to sounds which only a mother could forgive. Nevertheless, he has a beautiful theory about music: there is in store for every individual a peculiar thrill, a pleasurable horripilation of the flesh, whenever a particular bit of music is played, as Swann was always thrilled, you remember, by the famous phrase of Vinteuil in Marcel Proust's story of Swann and Odette. In the strange case of this unhappy man the seductive phrase is to be found in the *Canzone Amorosa*, from the *Venetian Suite* by Ethelbert Nevin, a dear old Victorian relic.

It might be amusing and instructive to inquire further into such strange personal predilections. You have heard that persistent legend that the great Wagner's ecstatic moment came when he first listened to the arpeggio for harps with those stately lyrics:

"Take me out upon that ocean called The Loveable Sea,
Fry a kiss in honey and present it to me."

"Diese musik ist hell," said the delighted genius, "Wahrlich hell und klar." And for the nonce he talked no more of venturing to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. He decided, on second thought, to make another attempt to persuade his second wife to desert his best friend, her present husband. Whether or not everyone is attuned to some such ethereal strain, there is always a currently popular type of music. A bit of research prior to the music appreciation hour might well repay the CBC. At least, if it has any regard for Sir Thomas Beecham's opinion, it might make a few experiments, secure in the knowledge that nothing can lower its reputation.

Vespers

Drunk on a long street,
Pascal and I, Baudelaire and I,
Civilization and I,
Drunk on a long street.
The poor man's God flaps his wings overhead,
Moulting discreetly,
While we who are neither poor nor rich,
Wise nor foolish,
Casually blessed and casually damned,
Weave intently through his ambrosial plumage,
Falling like snow, and harmless as his wrath.
I would know the dimensions of my grave,
My comfortable place, the silent clay
That shall remorselessly shut off from me
Women and alcohol and God, that shall
Make me a presbyter for Shakespeare's worm,
Who to a literate corpse do reverence.
I trust that those who dig so earnestly
Where this street ends, will do me this last grace,
To put me in a fitting company,
Half-way between a poet and a whore.
Behind these arches of venetian blinds,
Under tall patrician lamps,
They are reading *Mayfair* and Harper's *Bazaar*,
Feeling the volatile camaraderie
Of those who once roved tweed-draped over the slopes at
Banff,
Filled the tiers at Forest Hills as thick with sun goggles
As if Death watched from a thousand opaque eyes,
Floated with powdered shoulders
And a Lesbian coolness in high-pillared ballrooms
At Rideau Hall and the Waldorf Astoria,
Trooped to the common denominator of the bed
With timbrels and with trumpets—
Now all so obviously uniformed,
Correctly photographed with the Russian ambassador,
Warring enormously with Martinis and briefcases:
These bright slugs who crawl carelessly
Over our faces.
Drunk on a long street,
Lenin and I, Veblen and I,
Civilization and I,
Drunk on a long street.
Here we may attend
The bump and shuffle of the stenographers and their soldier
boys,

Under the easy brutality of the trumpet
Concocting its synthetic anodyne, its luxurious lie,
Starlight for the libido.

Each in the mute captivity of his desire,
Screaming wordlessly, detoured into laughter,
A touch like hot steel, or an Acteon glance
At silken knees spinning their web of fire
Under the half-mystery of a skirt.
I have some friends dead, they for whom the street
Was shorter by some ecstasies and fears:

We learned quadratic equations
And several approved techniques of seduction;
We were told to cherish our ideals
And to hope that war was unnecessary,
To pity Swift because he hated humanity,
We believed that we lived in a democracy,
That there were good girls and the other kind,
And that it would be wonderful to go to Paris.

I do not like to think of my friends dead, and they thinking
those things when they died.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina verum . . .

Asleep on a long street,
The People and I,
Asleep on a long street.

Miller MacLure.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor:

I think Mr. Frank H. Underhill's review of Mr. Herridge's new book is unfair and misleading. In the first place it was not necessary to charge Mr. Herridge with being Nazi-minded. That is a tactic which tends to defeat its own purpose and may best be left to Crusaders like Major Gladstone Murray, the White Knight in Shining Armor.

Secondly, if you read Mr. Underhill's review before reading the book, as I did, you received the impression that Mr. Herridge had written a political pamphlet designed to further his own aims in Canadian politics, and that Mr. Underhill fears in him a possibly dangerous rival whose effectiveness must be undermined at all costs. But Mr. Herridge's book was addressed to all the peoples of English-speaking democracy and principally to middle-class Americans, who by all the evidence need the warning most. Written with a sense of great urgency, the purpose of the book is to awaken people to the real issues of the present international situation, for, as Mr. Herridge points out, if the issues are not clearly set out, the people are so many "disenfranchised ghosts."

Mr. Underhill admits that the analysis of "trends in our contemporary wartime society," as presented in the book, is common-sense. What Mr. Underhill forgets is that perhaps for him, and for Socialists in general, this analysis is not new nor particularly needed, but that for the majority of the 65 or 70% of Canadians, and the vast majority of Americans, who still trail along with the old order, this analysis is needed, and that Mr. Herridge's connections make him a man who can command a hearing where a Socialist could not.

Further, Mr. Underhill picks out the weakness of the book, but draws, I think, the wrong conclusion. This weakness is, that after making his point, chiefly by constant repetition, that the solution is "total use of resources," Mr.

Herridge fails to indicate just how this may be achieved in a capitalist economy. For he tells you more than once that tinkering with and patching up the system won't succeed, what is needed is a drastic change.

The reader of the book is left with the impression that Mr. Herridge would *like* to see total use of resources for maximum enjoyment put into effect by individual initiative and private enterprise, with government help, but that he is really not very sure that it can be done. Therefore . . .

Therefore, the reader concludes, the alternative is a Socialist system. Mr. Underhill, don't belabor Mr. Herridge, he is winning converts for you. And, it would appear from his latest speeches, that Mr. Herridge himself is near conversion. Perhaps if you read his book again . . .

ARGUS,
Ottawa, Ont.

The Editor:

I suppose altercations between authors and reviewers, like those between husbands and wives, should be left to the parties concerned; but at the risk of having both turn upon me, I should like to intervene in the dispute between Mr. Upton Sinclair and Miss Thompson.

It seems to me that the latter is upon very uncertain ground in stating that "the novelist of distinction must measure up to certain standards in matters of style" and that "these standards are generally accepted." It is highly questionable whether there are *any* generally accepted standards of literary worth in our age of disintegrating values, and style is the most intangible of literary concepts. If by style Miss Thompson means prose style in the strictest sense of that phrase, then her argument is self-defeating in terms of her own comparison, for neither Balzac, Dickens, nor Zola are "distinguished" in that respect.

Surely that which makes Balzac, Dickens, and Zola novelists of distinction is that they applied themselves in a serious and sustained manner to the real conditions and issues of their day. Similarly, Upton Sinclair's ultimate reputation will depend upon the degree to which he is recognized to have exposed and analysed the conditions and issues of our society — provided, of course, that he is judged to have embodied these issues in concrete and credible situations and characters, as the novelist must. To make the standard of judgment one of style alone, unless style is being used in an extremely inclusive sense, is to suggest that Gautier and Goncourt are greater novelists than Balzac and Zola, and James Branch Cabell than Upton Sinclair.

Work as solid and serious as Mr. Sinclair's cannot fail to leave its mark, no matter how clumsy its style, and does not that make him a "novelist of distinction"? If not, I suggest that the phrase is a bit of literary snobbishness and had better be discarded.

DESMOND PACEY,
Brandon, Manitoba.

The Editor:

The review of my "Closed Book" in *The Canadian Forum*, November, 1943, makes some unfair mistakes of fact and unsympathetic judgment which I would call to your attention as misleading your readers. *First*. The so-called "out-worn allegory" of "St. George and the Dragon" is not the part that "treats principally" the great issues of that Epic, neither as to bulk nor quality. It occupies four pages in Part II and one page in Part I (the photograph of Hitler), which is five pages out of a total of forty-two pages. These

are ancillary to the more universal instances of Part I and Part II rather than principal adjuncts, so to speak, from visible History, corroboratory of the great ideas of woe and its cure. Moreover what could be more fitting for an out-moded horror than is Hitler's Mediaevalistic savagery apeing Ghengis Khan, Attila, Tamarlane and the ravagers of the falling Roman Empire, than to give it such an imaginative envelope as matches its degenerate inhumanity, its continental mass and might, and its total matter-bound outlook which seeks to degrade the Spirit of its day and of the whole future world?

Second. I would not object to being associated with such as Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, in the use of our language, save for the implication that my style is not my own but theirs, without departure enough to be modern. Yet a horse does not become more modern by having its neck distorted toward a giraffe's and its whinney enlarged to a brass band or its tail bobbed into modern shorts. His essential modernity is his capacity to meet all horsehood's obligations, here and now, and with unmitigated four feet and tail and a voice unbiased by a jazz or swing. I am fairly content to be with the great comrades he cites, who with the Bible (King James) built the King's English into its present quadrupedal resiliency such that with perennial power it can carry forward real originality in dynamic ideas and feelings.

Lastly. He charges me with moral dualism of "right and wrong." I suspect this of being innocently ignorant of what dualism is—an unbridgeable severance of A and B (its terms). I have been handling dualism without gloves all my professional career and abhor them both in philosophy and poetry. Now the predicaments of woe in the text are not, even mostly, of moral causation. A humiliating bald head on a measly runt of a body may ground a woe as real as a loss of honor. So to a Pauline "thorn in the flesh," a death in the home which is chemistry and physiological stoppage, not morals, quite as much as the dereliction of a Judas Iscariot or a Borgia's vice, are all ills equally that come under "the Book's" survey. When solution comes it is just that these people who suffer ills now find a road to using the very ills themselves for their transformation, even as a Demosthenes or a J. A. MacDonald (Globe) used their stammer to become great national orators, by accepting and then mastering their defect. This is no dualism. It is a series of transformations from A to B whereby A passes into B—the very antithesis of a dualistic procedure. This unfair reviewer was petering his ammunition at false targets, making an injurious noise, no doubt, and pain to some, making many readers think something is wrong somewhere. Yet he is really as distant from real facts as if he excited himself to divert his great grandmother's ducks from winging with the modern Luftwaffe in a reprisal raid on London. They simply could not be there in that deviation from all sane duckdom's decency.

WILMOT B. LANE,
Picton, Ont.

The Editor:

Whenever I read the Forum nowadays I get a headache and not from its opinion either. It's caused by the horrible typography which you have adopted. The body of the text is passable but the headings and cover are really a disgrace to a progressive paper. It's hard to have faith in the Forum's ideas when they so disregard the readers' welfare. What a relief to look at the *New Republic*. It's just as easy and costs no more to do it that way.

THOREAU MacDONALD.

PLANNING POST-WAR CANADA

A Special Section of THE CANADIAN FORUM

January, 1944

War Teaches Canada To Plan for Peace

Garland Mackenzie

1. CONTROL OF OUR WAR ECONOMY

► NATIONAL ECONOMIC PLANNING means operation of the nation's agriculture, industry and trade according to a few simple, commonsense principles which any prudent man tries to apply to his own affairs. He estimates his income for the week, month, year or longer; he tries to plan his expenditures so as to get the best possible overall return in necessities and amenities of life. If he has more than enough for necessities his plan will probably include a portion for savings to meet emergencies or for investment to increase his future income or for both, and he will try to achieve an ideal balance between immediate consumption and saving for the future.

In real life he makes mistakes; he miscalculates his income, or finds expenditures not working out the way he intended. He has to modify or wholly change his plan from time to time. Nevertheless, he gets along far better than does a man with the same income and no plan.

Similarly, national planning starts with an estimate of what resources are available—agricultural land, other natural resources, plant and equipment, transportation systems, labor power of all kinds from the unskilled to the scientific and professional—in short, all human and material resources which are of use in the production and distribution of goods and services.

(This is not easy to calculate, but much of the basic data is available in Canada today, principally through the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the Departments of Finance, Trade and Commerce, Labor and Agriculture and, in recent years, DMS, WPTB and NSS*. Other statistics are available through other federal departments, provincial governments, trade associations, etc. The first step in planning would be to co-ordinate all this data, then to develop such extra statistics as experience shows to be needed).

The Planning Administration takes these estimates and, like the prudent man, tries to organize the use of productive resources to achieve the best possible overall return. It aims at a maximum total output of goods, in the right proportion as between classes and varieties of goods, with the minimum of human effort and with due regard to the conservation of diminishing assets such as mines. It plans for a proper division of resources between the production of consumers' goods for immediate use and the construction of plant and equipment to produce still more consumers' goods in the future.

After arriving at a plan for a year, five years or a longer period, the Administration keeps a close and continuous

check on actual results. It finds that mistakes were made in the original plan, modifies the plan in detail and sometimes makes basic changes in it. Despite these mistakes, the final result is a greater total production, a better balanced production and a higher standard of living than if there were no plan.

The opponent of planning maintains that the problem is too big and complicated for fallible human ability. He says there would be huge waste due to political expediency overruling efficient administration, to the inability of centralized bureaucracy to deal with special or local problems, to outright corruption and to honest error. He says this waste would be so enormous, and so difficult to check or correct, that we would be worse off in the end. He prefers the automatic adjustments of an unplanned economy—competition in a free market, the adjustment of supply to demand through price movements and all the other self-adjusting relationships which the classical economists thought would lead each individual to promote the general welfare by striving to personal gain.

The practical experience of the past four years should end this argument. Under pressure of a war of survival, a government which is opposed to planning in principle has been forced to plan to an extent without peacetime precedent outside the USSR. It has made all the errors which the anti-planners predicted. There have been many mistakes, large and small. Control has been bureaucratic at times, has interfered with efficient individual operation. Projects have been started and then abandoned. Political expediency has often prevailed over sound policy, and we may assume that more corruption has occurred than has been made public. Despite all this, planning has brought about the greatest expansion in Canada's history, even though it has been incomplete planning and administered largely by people who oppose the principle. In four years our national income has doubled, even after allowing for higher prices; we are producing twice the volume of goods which we produced in 1939, and we are doing it when three quarter million of our most productive men and women are withdrawn from production to serve in the armed forces.

The steps taken by a Liberal government toward all-out planning for war provide a valuable case history and guide to peacetime planning. When war came there were substantial unused resources all along the line—unemployed or under-employed men and women, many kinds of industry operating well below capacity, farms producing much less

Garland Mackenzie is the pseudonym of a man who has been associated with two of the Canadian war emergency control organizations. He is now engaged in work which requires careful scrutiny of all war orders and regulations and frequent contact with officers of the Department of Munitions and Supply, Wartime Prices and Trade Board and National Selective Service. This is the first of a series of articles in which he discusses Canada's wartime controls and the possibility of the application of such controls to peacetime problems.

*Abbreviations: DMS—The Department of Munitions and Supply; NSS—National Selective Service; WPTB—The Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS

We no longer use the term democracy merely to describe our existing societies, where a limited political freedom struggles in the midst of economic dictatorship . . . We use it to mean the kind of society we intend to build out of the chaos—freer, stronger, richer, and much more concerned with human welfare than any we have known.

Democracy is a living principle holding this promise of the future. It is something we want badly and have not got. To get it, we must expand our present freedom to include economic and social democracy. The analysis of our economic development shows that freedom can no longer live by the mere negative absence of restraint. It can live and flourish only under conditions which provide opportunities for full enjoyment by all of the riches of modern society, and for full participation by all in the collective processes which create those riches.

Lewis and Scott: "Make This YOUR Canada."

than their maximum, a transport system far from being busy. The first and obvious step was to put these resources to work. This was done very easily. The government placed big orders with private industry for all kinds of goods from army rations to air-training centres. In most cases, industry and agriculture were able to fill these orders without any decrease in their output of civilian goods, simply by stepping up the rate of production and employing the unemployed. In turn, this expansion of employment meant increased purchasing power and increased demand for civilian goods, so industry and agriculture not only maintained but expanded production of goods for civilians. In brief, there was such a large cushion of unused resources that we were able simultaneously to produce a considerable volume of military goods, increase our production of civilian goods, maintain a fairly stable level of prices, and take people out of production into the armed forces.

Having placed these orders for goods, the government had to decide how to pay for them. Theoretically, it might have paid the entire cost out of current revenue by immediately imposing heavy new taxes or raising rates on old taxes. This would have held back any net expansion of production and employment, as the increase in governmental purchases would have been offset by a decrease in the buying power of the tax-paying consumers. Instead, the government budgetted for a substantial deficit and secured most of the extra funds by borrowing, either from the banks or the uninvested savings of individuals. Either of these methods, especially the bank loans, create new active purchasing power and stimulate expanded production until capacity is reached. The same methods were tried in the United States before the war, on the "pump-priming" theory of curing the depression, but on a much smaller scale in proportion to the national economy. The first lesson to be learned from the war is that deficit financing, on the larger scale, works and promotes the national interest as long as there is idle productive capacity.

However, even in the early stages, the placing of orders and credit expansion were not enough. The government had to take some immediate steps towards control of private enterprise and development of governmental production. Control was needed over the speculative activities of indi-

viduals and corporations and over the freedom of private enterprise to enter into profitable transactions regardless of the ultimate effect. Thus export of key materials was put under control to prevent them from ultimately reaching the enemy or becoming scarce at home and thus retarding war production. The Foreign Exchange Control Board was given control over all dealings in foreign monies, to prevent private investment outside Canada to escape war taxes, to conserve our foreign credits to pay for essential imports, to prevent wasting these credits on non-essentials like pleasure travel, and generally to regulate exchange dealings in the interest of a war economy. The import of many non-essential items was prohibited entirely under the War Exchange Conservation Act.

Concurrently, the first steps were taken toward control of domestic industry and trade. The WPTB was set up with broad powers to prevent undue increases in prices and the cost of living and to regulate the production and distribution of goods in the public interest. This was prior to the general price ceiling and WPTB acted principally to control basic raw materials such as sugar and wool.

Governmental production also came early. It was easy to place big orders for goods that were also peacetime goods, or that could be made without great additions to peacetime plant and equipment. But when supplies were wanted that required construction and tooling of complete new plants, private industry was naturally unwilling to invest in these plants since they might be completely unwanted at the end of the war. So the government had to finance and develop great new public enterprises. There are now scores of them, with employees in the hundreds of thousands and annual output approaching the billion dollar mark. In some, management was delegated on a fee basis to a private company experienced in similar production methods; in others, the government appointed paid managers and boards of directors and made them responsible directly to itself, usually to the DMS.

The government also found that it had to assist private enterprise in securing men as well as machines. The new war production called for new skills and private industry had no adequate training facilities for the vast number required. So the Dominion and Provinces set up the War Emergency Training classes which have provided tens of thousands of men and women with the needed mechanical training. Then the government found that the war workers had to be housed and that private capital could not provide the houses because they did not look like a profitable investment. So a government company, Wartime Housing Limited, was set up to build houses where other accommodation for war workers could not be found.

All these things were done in the early period when there was a great slack of unused resources to be taken up. So long as this slack remained, a very considerable war effort could be organized and expanded by means of government buying, monetary expansion, foreign trade and exchange control, and a small measure of internal industrial control and public industry development. Later, there was no further room for expansion by these easy methods. The essential industries reached capacity production and the number of unemployed workers became negligible. To further expand the war effort, more direct controls had to be applied to these industries. For instance, the total of government and civilian industry orders for steel and other metals, or their products, became much greater than the total amount of metal being produced in Canada and imported. Obviously the placing of more government orders would not make any more metal available—it would merely create a sellers' market in metals and force up prices. Moreover, the metal producers would have a strong incentive to supply their

goods to the less essential users. For example, if a privately owned copper refinery had orders for twice as much copper as it could refine it would be tempted to fill in full the orders of a peacetime customer who manufactures household ornaments or electric fixtures and let the orders for DMS take last place. Naturally the private company would try to look after the people who were its good customers in peacetime and will be its good customers again after the war when the government may not be buying copper.

Some way had to be found to guarantee that metal went where it was most needed. Actually a combination of methods was used. Priority orders were issued by DMS whereby the producers of metals are required by law to supply in full the needs of the war plants before selling anything to other users. Other DMS orders were passed prohibiting the use of metals in manufacturing hundreds of less essential civilian goods, from coat-hangers to automobiles. Other civilian goods were put on small quotas of metal, e.g. 25%, 30% or 50% of the pre-war production. At the same time, the government took positive measures to increase the supply of metals, by financing expansion of the basic producers (e.g. aluminium), by paying subsidies to marginal mines so that they could mine and sell profitably at current prices, and by national salvage drives to collect scrap. The final stage of control, applied to some of the critical metals, is complete allocation of the total supply—so much to aircraft, so much to tanks, to ships, to British requirements, to Russia, to U. S. war industry, to essential civilian needs, like plumbing repairs.

Similar controls have been applied in varying degree to most of the key industries—chemicals, timber, oil, rubber, coal, electric power, food processing, etc.

[The next article will discuss the application of controls to the civilian economy in time of war].

The Farmer's Stake in Post-War Planning

David Smith

▶ ONE OF THE MYTHS of the depression years has now been exploded. The only difficulty may be that amid all the other noises we may have failed to notice this one. The myth is the myth of farm surpluses. During depression years farmers were poor because they grew too much food. Or so we understood. The workers on relief diets probably would have had some difficulty understanding the situation. Farmers had some difficulty themselves but there wasn't any doubt about the low prices and the difficulty in selling farm products, so the farm groups organized two conferences in Canada to consider the problem. The war solved it.

Since Canada has been at war she has expanded her agricultural production tremendously and instead of surpluses, food is rationed. Why? Not because we are shipping large amounts of food overseas to Great Britain and our allies, but because for the first time in a very long while the people of Canada, and Great Britain, and the United States, are all eating. The men and women in the armed forces are well-fed because they have important work to do. The men and women in industry have jobs and money to buy food. Before the war many of these people did not have jobs and could not buy enough food. Now when there is enough money to feed them all, we are short of food. This is the

cardinal lesson the war has taught us with respect to the problem of agriculture.

The application of this lesson must be fundamental in any effort to create a prosperous post-war agriculture. Many farmers look forward with dread to the post-war period because they expect drastic reductions in our production quotas. Certainly it is desirable that farmers reduce the hours of work they and their families put in but there is no need for reduced agricultural production. The only way in which agriculture can remain prosperous is to maintain or increase production. This was the finding of the United Nations Food Conference which met last spring at Hot Springs, West Virginia. This article is concerned with some of the factors in the maintenance and enlarging of our present production schedules.

One point emphasized at the United Nations Food Conference was that the prosperity of urban and rural workers is interdependent. There can be no prosperity for farmers unless city workers have money to buy food. "Full employment" in town is necessary for "full production" in the country, and although it may not be the technical job of agriculturists to plan the maintenance of a high level of industrial employment, it is very much their concern to see that it is planned. A second point emphasized by the Food Conference was that there must be international co-operation and planning if farmers the world over were to be prosperous. The Conference itself, of course, was a recognition of this fact and itself did some of the groundwork for such action.

The first and most important point in all the discussions concerning post-war agriculture is that agricultural production must be planned. Many farmers would settle for the minimum of planning and accept plans designed to enable them to reduce their production schedule gradually. These men argue for floors under farm prices that will prevent sudden and disastrous losses to farmers. This sort of planning, however, is a poor substitute for what is needed to keep agriculture prosperous. We should remember that with all the increased agricultural production and improved prices, farmers are still not getting their share of the national income. Even with floor prices farm income will be reduced if production is reduced. To slip into a depression may be some improvement over falling in, but not much, especially if we fancy that the delaying action is a plan for protection.

Agricultural planning now is largely a function of the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the various boards set up under it. In post-war Canada one desirable change in the central planning should be greatly increased participation in the planning activity by the national organization of Canadian farmers, the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. This organization has men equipped by training and experience to play a valuable part in making farm plans, and although its primary concern is the need of agriculture it has shown a forward-looking and genuine concern for the national good. Another development which has not occurred in Canada during the war must be the development of more methods of control than the juggling of farm prices. At present the only mechanism of control is the price which is set by the government, modified in some instances by subsidies which are put on and taken off depending on whether the government wants an increased or a lessened production. This method is not enough. We need to make the plans centrally but for smooth execution of them we need to decentralize their administration. This has been done very successfully in Great Britain, where County Agricultural Committees have been established to carry out the production plans. Some farmers consider that such committees are not needed here because our problem is not the problem of

increasing production, or at any rate they think it won't be after the war, but if agriculture is to prosper these men are wrong. These Agricultural Committees, set up either on a district or a county basis, would be made up of farmers in the area and would have a staff of agricultural experts to assist them in carrying out their work.

The establishment of these Agricultural Committees is essential to secure the efficiency of production which planning demands and which is necessary if agriculture is to maintain a balanced relationship to the other parts of our economy. There are three fields in which only through the introduction of such local committees with adequate staff can efficiency be secured. The first of these fields is the use of the land to secure good production and to maintain fertility. The job of the Committee here would involve direct action in the case of seriously depleted soils and vigorous educational programs in matters of farm management and practice.

The second field is the application of scientific knowledge to agriculture to improve the quantity and quality of production and to reduce the costs. This would require extensive educational programs and the establishment of certain services, such as veterinary services, on a public basis. A veterinary working under such a Committee would be a member of the staff of the Committee and employed to maintain in a good state the health of the animals under his care. His services would be free to the farmers in his district.

The third field is the use of machinery. Farming has now become mechanized but in the interests of a vigorous and mentally healthy rural population, it must not become commercialized. The only way to avoid the establishment of large farms run by machinery and hired labor will be to develop other techniques for the use of machinery. One of these techniques may be the co-operative use of farm machinery which is a method that will apply to some kinds of machinery. The other technique will be the municipal ownership of farm machinery used under the direction of the District Agricultural Committees. The present chaotic basis of production and the meagre expert services and educational programs offered must be radically changed if agriculture is to take its place in a reconstructed society.

In the orderly marketing of farm products that such planning of production envisages it will be necessary to extend the system of government boards, such as the Wheat Board and the Bacon Board, but to include strong representation from the Canadian Federation of Agriculture on these boards. The co-operative organizations already formed would also presumably play a large part in the marketing activities.

Lack of national planning has resulted in the destruction of large areas of our soil. The prairie dust storms are but the most dramatic examples of the soil wastage that has gone on all over Canada. The planning of food production programs must take this problem into account and guarantee that the fertility of the soil is maintained and in some areas restored.

The problem of the soil is related to the problem of nutrition. The United Nations Food Conference stressed the importance of nutrition, pointing out that we must plan not only to produce enough food but we must aim to produce food of the required nutritional value. This problem is one that opens up a tremendous field for agricultural research and probably it will be the field on which post-war agricultural scientists will concentrate. At present we know just enough about nutrition and soils to know that the nutritional value of food is determined by the soil in which it is grown, but it is obvious that as we move into a more and more thoroughly planned society this subject becomes of the utmost importance.

It is obvious that a primary object of such planning would be to restore to farmers some of the dignity, which, along with other workers, they have lost as a result of the exploitation characteristic of our capitalist society. Prices in such planning would be directly related to costs of production including labor costs. This would be possible because a genuine effort to maintain efficiency in production would be part of the planning program.

Agricultural reconstruction will have to take into account the problems in at least three other fields, that of the home, of health services, and of education. A rapid extension of modern conveniences into rural homes should be a feature of reconstruction plans. One of the necessary parts of such a program must be a big expansion of rural electrification in which Canada has been very backward. The findings of the Advisory Committee on Health Insurance shows that rural areas are particularly deficient in health services and that little improvement can be expected without additional funds. An extension of health services in rural areas on a basis of preventive public health programs must form part of any adequate rural reconstruction program. It may also be expected that rural educational facilities will be extended and improved in such a way as to make full educational opportunities available to rural boys and girls, and to relate their educational facilities more adequately to rural life.

All these proposals call for a change in attitude and spirit. Thoroughgoing proposals for reconstruction call for planning and control but social planning and control calls for a deeper sense of community than most of us have shown in the past. This change, of course, as the United Nations Food Conference pointed out, must be international in scope, but if it is to be genuinely fruitful in creating a reconstructed society, it must have expression at the community level also. All the changes considered in this short article, and the many other changes required, demand as an essential element this changed attitude. The change will occur during the development of the reconstruction program and every facility of public education, school, church, radio, press, etc., must be used to foster and develop the new attitude. We must learn to think not of individual gain but of social good. We must understand that the wealth of our productive equipment and the natural resources must learn to measure responsibility by the opportunity it gives us to use our talents and to serve the group, rather than the amount of cash it puts in our pocket. This change is not a peculiar requirement of agricultural reconstruction, of course, but is integral in all reconstruction programs aimed at the maintenance of democracy.

Housing and Town Planning Course

The Ontario Government has made a cash contribution to the School of Architecture in the University of Toronto's Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering to help finance a course for the training of town planning and housing technicians. The course, which opened on December 7, consists of 25 sessions of lecture and discussion. Lecturers include: Lawrence W. Orton, New York City Planning Commissioner; W. H. Blucher, Director of the U. S. Society of Planning Officials; Elizabeth Wood, Manager of the largest public housing estate in the world; Clarence Stein, prominent New York architect and town planner; Professors C. A. Curtis and E. R. Arthur, both of the Federal Government Sub-Committee on Housing and Community Planning; Norman D. Wilson, Canadian authority on transportation with a South American practice in town planning; and Benjamin Higgins, professor of Economics at McGill. Fees for the course are \$15, and it may be taken by correspondence for \$7.50.

Report From England

L. W. Henderson

3. A LESSON IN NORMAN GOTHIC

► CANADIANS never bother much about the antiquities over here; we cannot see why the English make so much fuss over their tumbled down ruins, shabby old churches and thatched, unsanitary dwellings, that should have been pulled down long ago.

But if you ever get the story behind any of these historical monuments, you have a clue to what has made England as it is today. It is not to be found in the guide books. It is transmitted like a secret lore from generation to generation, so that the contemporary Englishman cannot be considered simply as an individual, but as a composite of all the Englishmen who have ever lived.

He comes into the world with all his beliefs, values and reactions conditioned for him by tradition, and might pass a busy lifetime without having to stop once and think for himself about anything fundamental.

This explains at once his stubbornness and his heroism in the face of disaster.

None of his institutions is more an outgrowth of the past than the Established Church. I was invited into the mystery by a chance conversation that began on a stone seat under the ancient, mottled walls of Winchester Cathedral.

I looked with some curiosity at the elderly gentleman, in medieval cap and gown, beside me. He began telling me about some historical associations of the place with such ease and fluency that he seemed to be speaking out of his own recollections. I learned that he belonged to a venerable Order of Pensioners of the Hospital of St. Cross, which was founded in the middle ages and apparently still lived in them.

He was particularly interested in tracing the source of history in architecture, and he took me inside the cathedral to illustrate his point. Here were the early Norman beginnings with square capitals on the pillars and rounded arches. Then the transition period, marked by rounded capitals, all merging into the great pointed arches of the Norman Gothic.

I gazed in wonder at the strange unearthliness of those aspiring arches, so massively built, yet seeming to rise heavenward like a human cry.

"How do you think they came to build like this, those architects, masons and stone-cutters living as they did in the squalor and degradation of the thirteenth century?" I asked my instructor.

"They had faith—they saw the vision of God," was his reply.

But it seemed to me there is something here that is not faith, or religion, or God—it is the greatness of man's heart. For this fretted vaulting is the life-work of men who gave themselves up to the love of beauty, which they called the Glory of God. Such altruism is not to be found in our building any more, nor in our lives, nor anywhere, perhaps, outside the laboratory of the scientist who still strives to create out of himself a greater concept of man's lot on earth. That is why this record of the aspiration of humble men long dead is still a life to the heart and a spur to ideals.

The Brother persuaded me now to visit the Hospital of St. Cross, a brisk ten minutes walk across the fields from the town. He took me first into the church, a dim and chilly vault of no apparent interest. But under his instruction I saw many things that would not readily meet the eye: mass-blocks, scratched on the walls by patient pilgrims waiting through long hours for the absolution and remission of their sins; benediction crosses, marking the spot blessed by hands

that have been dust for centuries; pulleys for lowering the lenten veil across the altar in medieval times, now rusting unused but never taken down; an oriental window, let into the wall so that the first rays of the sun on the Saint's day should strike the cross, "as a manifestation of God's will." (They probably used to regard it as a miracle, not knowing that the priests of Osiris employed this trick long before the monks of St. Cross, and even the Druids, those earliest of stage managers, constructed Stonehenge in such a way that the dawn signalled their frightful sacrifices); a parrot-lectern instead of the usual eagle, (as a warning to preachers, perhaps?); stone carved pelicans, pulling out their feathers to give blood to their young; tiles with foot-worn inscriptions, barely decipherable, as, "Have Mynde," (an injunction to wisdom, or a reminder of the wrath to come?); a font, "the origin of which is lost in antiquity," provided with a cover designed to keep the holy water from the curse of evil spirits, its octagonal stone sides carved by some rude Saxon with an almost obliterated design which I made out to be a young tree springing from the old . . . symbols, hieroglyphics whose meaning is lost in the mists of time.

I looked again at my companion, and wondered how he could concern himself in such times with this hierophantic double-talk, unless he spent his life within these walls, knowing nothing of the outside world, absently studying the sign-language through years of tedious sermons.

He spoke of the wars of Stephen and Matilda as though they were taking place today. The hospital was originally founded to care for the refugees of that former cataclysm, and had endured to do the same in this one.

For, to my surprise, this mild old pensioner told me he was admitted to St. Cross after he had been bombed out of his home in Southampton two years ago. He was inordinately proud of his Order, founded by Cardinal Beaufort for his poor relations, apparently, since "it is very exclusive and you have to be practically a Beaufort yourself to get in."

They are known as the Reds—happily unaware of the modern connotation—because of their fine-spun wine-colored robes. Due to their social origin they enjoy all sorts of privileges over the Blacks, a rival order founded for wayfarers. The chief advantage appears to be that the Blacks sit on serge cushions in church while the Reds sit upon velvet. I was pressed to try both and compare the relative comfort of each—"The velvet keeps its shape better, whereas the serge sags and after a while begins to slip down underneath. . . ."

I expressed the opinion that it was a pity there should be such distinction between two orders living under the same roof in the house of God. The Brother agreed, with the comfortable reservation, however, that it had always been so. I was reminded that in Heaven the angels are divided into classes and "sweet societies," according to their social standing.

There you have the clue to the old order in England, rooted in feudalism and sanctified in the establishment of the Church. If that old order is passing, the establishment will have to go with it. If it is to play any part in the new world that is coming to birth, the Church will have to cease to look to the past and draw its inspiration from the future.

Already the war has literally shaken the Church to its foundations. It seems significant, somehow, that the churches have suffered more noticeably in the Blitz than any other landmarks. In London the churches of Wren seem to have been singled out for annihilation . . . St. Paul's being the fortunate survivor thus far . . . so that on all sides may be seen the ruin of one man's lifework and of a style which embodied one of the world's great moments and can never be repeated again. There they stand, blackened shells of some

of the finest craftsmanship of the ages—St. Mary le Strand and St. Clement Dane's both gutted out; St. Bride's Fleet St. stands like a noble Roman ruin; Bow Church totters on three walls; the City Temple, scene of many controversies at the turn of the century, lies in charred brick and ashes; in St. Andrew's Holborn the grass grows in the aisles; and over the remains of the beautiful Temple church, built by the Crusaders against centuries of man's destructiveness, already the moss encroaches . . .

Now if religion is to survive, they will have to build their church anew, without any of the old traditions, but straight out of their hearts, like the masons of Winchester Cathedral, so that their new church will be something to aspire to in the future, a vision of the Kingdom of God to be fulfilled.

What likelihood is there of such a regeneration of religion?

A young girl gave me an answer, in the Church of St. Sepulchur, one of the old churches in the City of London to survive. It was at the noon hour on a week day, and I was surprised to see so many city workers flocking to this church. Anticipating some sort of special service, I went in. An orchestral concert was in progress—played on records and amplified through the church.

Listening to the strains of Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto I studied the faces of the strange congregation of business men, clerks, stenographers, shop assistants, and even here and there a laborer in overalls. This was no fashionable affair for elite late arrivals to display themselves, no gathering of long-haired refugees from reality. These were plain people, and as many men as women!

They evidently felt the need of something more in their lives and turned to the church to supply it. Instead of donning his surplice the vicar got out his records, and was met with an overwhelming response. And if these new churchgoers will take the Third Brandenburg Concerto, how much more will they not take? The common man is hungry for anything that will save him from the sense of futility and give meaning to his circumscribed existence.

From noon till two they came and went as their working hours permitted. On my way out I stopped to ask where there was a good place for lunch nearby.

"Why don't you come to our canteen? I'm going now myself . . . I'll show you the way."

It was a very attractive young girl with the palest of blue eyes and a hat to match. We went to a cafeteria run by the church for its floating congregation of city workers. Coffee was a penny and a good meal tenpence. We took our trays to a quiet corner and talked about Bach, and Walt Disney's Fantasia, and the band in Richmond park on Sunday afternoon. I happened to say:

"Do you ever go to church—I mean at other times?"

"Of course I do!" she said with surprise. "I belong to a Christian Social group and we look upon the church as part of our movement."

"When you say social, I don't suppose you mean political?"

"Oh, but I do. We are really all members of the new Common Wealth Party. You've probably heard about our program for immediate socialization of national income and production. We are standing against the Government at all the by-elections and really making headway."

"But what has religion to do with politics?" I asked.

"Well, you see, we feel they should go together. You can't run things without the christian principle—look at the men you get in if you do. If we had fulfilled our obligations as christians this war would never have come about. On the other hand you can't be a true christian and ignore politics or social injustice, can you?"

"But how can the church interfere?"

"By taking a full responsibility for the political, social and economic system in which we live. Dr. Temple, the new archbishop, said that himself. If you really believe in the Sermon on the Mount you will see that we can't live up to it unless we are Socialists. You do see that, don't you?" she said, fixing me very earnestly with those blue eyes. Rather weakly I assented.

Suddenly, "Heavens!" she cried. "I'm five minutes late already . . . please forgive me, but I must fly." And she was gone.

When I went out, I passed a bookstall at the corner, and some recollection of our conversation must have lingered in my mind, for I picked up a book I might never have noticed: a Penguin special entitled "Christianity and Social Order," by William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury. I paid my sixpence and took it away and read it. I recommend it to anyone who takes his religion seriously as a living force in the world.

"The method of the church's impact upon society at large should be twofold," writes Dr. Temple. "The church must announce christian principles and point out where the existing social order is in conflict with them. It must then pass on to christian citizens the task of reshaping the social order in close conformity with the principles."

He concludes with the words: "There is urgent need for thought about the matter now. We cannot return to the pre-war situation. . . . When peace returns action will be inevitable. We are fighting for democracy; but that crucial action will be democratic only if public opinion is alert and informed."

[This article, by a young Canadian in the armed forces overseas, has been passed for publication by the censor.—Ed.]

What is Morale?

Dorothy Johnson

► A CERTAIN DR. J. W. WRIGHTSTONE published in the June issue of an American magazine a test by which you might measure your morale. This "simple test" was reprinted in the Vancouver Province.

Eight situations are described, and you are invited to choose among five listed reactions to them. The reaction which, according to Dr. Wrightstone, indicates the highest morale gives you five points, the next 4, and so on, down to 1. It is an instructive study, and much more interesting than tea leaves. Glossy, easy optimism, boosting, and ballyhoo are as apparent in this "scientific" morale rating as in the most blatant type of soap advertising. An emotional response and a deliberate failure to face the facts rate more than commonsense, intellect, or adult judgment.

First: "When I hear that our Army or Navy has lost a battle—I determine to do more as my share for the final victory." Up and at 'em, boys! This answer brings you 5 points, while the sober reflection, "I realize that any army or navy suffers some defeats," only nets you 3. The top-ranking statement leaves behind it, too, the trail of the dubious thought that when the armed forces are doing well, you may relax your endeavors—surely not the kind of morale the worthy doctor wished to measure.

Second: "When I hear anyone publicly criticize the conduct of our foreign affairs" the 5 point reaction is: "I have confidence in officials until facts prove otherwise." 0

God, O Washington! What about the Darlan business, the Vichy business, a certain Murphy running about North Africa, the Giraud and de Gaulle business, the political planning for Italy? The most reasonable statement, you may be interested to know, gives you 4 this time: "I believe that some criticism is necessary and deserved." And how, brother!

Third: "When I read the war news in the daily press and magazines"—and laugh this one off if you can—"I'm sure the reports are honest and as full as possible." If any person able to tell A from B could possibly believe such claptrap after the way the news of Poland was decked up ("retreating to prepared positions" when there weren't any), the way the news of Norway was packaged up in lies and exaggerations, the way, even recently, misstatements of fact were made about North Africa; if all this rubbish is "honest and as full as possible," then the outlook for a sane understanding of world affairs by Americans (and Canadians) is most unlikely. You only get 2 points for: "I'm sure that the press colors the war stories," in spite of mountains of evidence as to the unreliability of the press and the well-known "slant" which writers and editors have to apply to suit the policy of the paper or periodical. However, you can get 4 for: "I feel the censor could tell us more but is over-cautious"—a triumph of understatement which American correspondents might like to read. Why it should be such a morale-lifter is not clear. President Roosevelt's recent remark that he was puzzled by contradictory statements in the press will annoy Dr. Wrightstone.

Fourth: "When I hear about successful executives and business men leaving their jobs to go to the capital city"—guess what, gullible reader!—"I believe that they are sincere in aiding the war effort, often at personal sacrifice." The first part of the statement may even be true. You only get 2 for: "I think they are well-meaning but covet power."

Fifth: "If I were requested to leave my present work and to serve my country in essential war work some distance away"—and some of the victims of selective service may be interested in these reactions—"I'd do it willingly as my part in the war effort." For once the Doctor and the author of these remarks would both award 5 for this, but the 4 point reply has the oddity this time: "I'd do it if it were the generally accepted thing." This raises problems. Suppose you are so mass-minded in the land of free enterprise and individual initiative that you can't go till the gang goes. How many people will have to be moved before it becomes "generally accepted"? If no one can go till it is generally accepted, how will the plan ever start? It looks as though the Doctor couldn't find five reactions for number five, for this mass-pressure idea doesn't occur again. If it is seriously meant, then a nation of sheep can be led anywhere, and Fascism is not 5000 miles away.

Sixth: This question refers to rationing and again one cannot quarrel with the approved solution: "I believe we're all in the war together and should share with each other." Yet you get 4 points if you make the unobservant answer: "I accept rationing, but I feel it's carried a little too far." The idea of free will in accepting or not accepting is fantastic, but so is the idea that there is too much rationing. Aren't high-morale people supposed to know anything? Are they all to stay really unaware of incipient shortage in almost anything one could name?

Seventh: "Now that I feel the effects of government regulation of wages and salaries"—pause, brethren, for the \$64 answer: "As a war measure, I accept it for the duration." This is big business propaganda of the most naked kind and reveals the hand behind this type of pseudo-scientific ques-

tionnaire. It should be mentioned that in section three you only got 1 point for believing that papers and magazines carried "outright propaganda" with regard to the war. The thoughtful, rational answer only gets 3 points: "I think the present regulation needs to be made flexible." Sense is evidently not an ingredient in morale, particularly when it carries the dire overtone that such ideas might lead to social justice in the future, and incomes might *stay* regulated. What about the morale of those frozen with unfair wages? This type of morale seems to have a very limited application.

Eighth: "When I get an 'inside tip' about the Selective Service Boards showing favoritism"—for 5 points you have to say: "I challenge the tipster to check up on the facts with me." A worthy idea, but since when have such facts been placed where the ordinary citizen could find them? The United States Selective Service may be thus open to scrutiny, but it is indeed difficult in Canada to reach such facts. Morale can hardly depend on a lack of realism. "I doubt any malicious attack on the part of the boards," gives you 4. You go to the very depths of despair and only get 1 for: "I immediately pass the word along to others." Morale must be low indeed if such common human frailty can fell it.

You have to score over 30 to have high morale; this reporter made 28 only, being unaware that morale needed a sheep-like mind inflated by go-getterism and warm, well-meaning acceptance of things as they are.

Your reporter had imagined that morale was based on thought—clear, deep, unprejudiced thought—as far as in us lies, the whole resting on as much knowledge of facts as could be found. Realism was preferred to romance, balanced judgment to the waverings of inconsidered optimism, social consciousness as against the purely individual preoccupations the questionnaire requires.

Nowhere is there a hint of that great factor in morale, that factor which can lift even the suffering minds of the bereaved above their irreparable loss: a determination to work for the world's peace, so that none of this horror shall ever occur again.

There is no hint that morale might emerge in becoming your brother's keeper, in helping to solve the pressing social problems war brings or accentuates, both inside and outside your own little circle. There is little hint of morale as anything more positive than a super-rosy method of looking at your personal affairs.

Surely the Babbitt-like creature, uncritical, uninformed, adolescent in temperament and juvenile in judgment, approved by Dr. Wrightstone, is a figment of his imagination. If not, the future for the North American continent, and for the world, will be just as bad as the past has been.

Pigeons

Fat, suave aristocrats
Scavengers of grain, spilled
On the gutter-stones; cat's
Temptation: sleek, silkfilled
Bodies, heads yes-bobbing,
Brazen-tame with hunger—
Between man's interrupting
Eat their fill and longer,
Then rise laboriously
And settle on the roof,
To waddle aimlessly
And watch things move.

James McDermott.

Jea

Destiny changed into a clock
And stopped the afternoon,
As helpless there, I saw my life
Was ladled in her spoon.

On prongs my love was lifting up,
My soul was pincered fast—
And miles and miles, I hung aloft,
All helpless and aghast.

And even as I dangled there,
Many a century,
Waking from slumber in the clock,
Chimed with her word for me.

Louis Ginsberg.

No Jonque Talks

No tongue talks
dulcet as falling leaves:
less than breath,
more hushed than tears
they come down;—
elm, ash, linden;
chrome, blanching to lemon;
for a heartbeat hanging
oval as raindrops
in brown decanted air.

No signal they give
of their taking off;
of their alighting.
Delicate as dew
depart from the twigs;
spiral slowly, settle
without a sigh.
Only love could so
heal without touching
a heart raw beyond hope.

Christine Turner Curtis.

Petawawa

Now debouched, names for a bronze tablet,
valor not lacking, unvalorous,
conscripted by the hour's tragic pull
this anger that has no terminus;
practised by a seven-day schedule
to sow ground with a most barren seed,
observing the machine made clouds burst
like omens for the integral deed;
we are the calendar's late recruits
fitted out by a distinguished firm
(they did business at Waterloo, Troy
remember) watching our few thoughts squirm
like sick, violent mice in minds made
decently correct by press barons,
the comic supplement, Hollywood's
new with or without sarong sirens;
here between tall evergreens and snow,
faithless but not wholly without faith
who competent, erect drill . . . fumble
the meanings of historical death.

Lt. Irving Layton.

Books of the Month

THE TREATMENT OF POST-WAR GERMANY: R. Flenley, Editor; Ryerson (Contemporary Affairs, No. 18); pp. 67; 50c.

THE KEY PROBLEM OF THE PEACE, A UNITED STATES OF EUROPE: Alan George Kirkby; Ryerson (Live and Learn Books); pp. 45; 50c.

A copy of the first book, consisting of an introduction by the editor and three essays by various authors, ought to be placed in the hands of everyone who holds a copy of Vansittart's Black Record. The amount of detachment and scholarly thinking to be found in it deserves high praise, though the introduction is insignificant and all of the essays spring from an attitude of mind with which many people (including this reviewer) disagree.

The best contribution is Prof. C. Lewis' "The Re-education of Germany." From personal observation he tells the reader that Nazi philosophy was not instilled in the pupils of German schools before Hitler's accession to power. Likewise, "if the universities were at fault, it was not because of deliberately vicious teaching on any large scale." The fault with both kinds of institutions lay, according to Prof. Lewis, in the fact that they gave too little attention to developing the personalities of young people. As for the future: Germany must be re-educated, but "the teachers must inevitably be Germans." Prof. Lewis' reasons for this postulate are convincing. The question of why Nazi philosophy appeals to so many Germans is outside the sphere of Prof. Lewis' treatment. Certain remarks, however, suggest that he could not answer it satisfactorily.

Second in quality is Prof. R. A. MacKay's "The Political Settlement With Germany." Of the many points he makes, only two may be mentioned here. The first, because it has been big news recently: the question of Austria. "On the one hand, its people are of German culture; it is too weak economically and militarily to stand alone; and it does not fall within the strategic defense zone of France, Russia, or Britain. On the other hand, annexation by Germany tipped the European balance and made the position of Czechoslovakia strategically completely untenable against a re-armed Germany. *The most important question probably is the will of the Austrian people themselves* (italics inserted)." Between the lines Prof. MacKay seems to suggest that the best solution would be *Anschluss*, and that this would be of no disadvantage in a sensibly organized Europe. Prof. MacKay's ideas of a sensibly organized Europe are sound within the framework of his basic attitude, which is liberalism (and this is the second point we want to mention). "The logic of the case for world federation is inescapable, but equally inescapable is the political unreality of any programme of world federation at this stage of history." Anyone who has his feet on the ground must agree with Prof. MacKay.

The third essay in the book is "The Economic Problem of Post-war Germany," by Verax, a public servant. He rightly says that "some of the basic facts of the German economy cannot be changed and . . . these facts will have consequences which are fairly easy to predict." His thesis is that, no matter what happens to Germany, her economy will be strong. There are, however, four conditions which must exist in order to realize Germany's potential wealth. "The first of these is peace." This is a truism. But if now one were to ask Verax why Germany has gone to war he would probably say, because her politicians are rotten, or something to this effect. The liberal refusal to see the

cleavage between the theory and the practice of their economy at this stage of social evolution remains the great puzzle of our age.

Regarding Mr. Kirkby's pamphlet, only his point concerning Austria may be mentioned. "By language and race she is German, but by geography and commerce she belongs to all the areas adjoining her borders." Therefore? On with Mr. Kirkby's blueprint for utopia. Democracy? Will of the people? National and cultural affinities, tradition and organic social evolution? How naive, implies Mr. Kirkby. Prof. MacKay speaks of political unreality. And that is all one can call Mr. Kirkby's book among well-behaved people.

Martin Dell.

AMERICA'S ROLE IN ASIA: Harry Paxton Howard; Thos. Allen; pp. 463; \$3.00.

Most of the discussion about what is to be done in the Far East centres about calculations of power, about how we are to set up a power system there in which Anglo-American interests are to be secured against another upheaval such as Japan has caused. English policy-makers are looking to a restoration of the oriental empire; and as insurance against possible disappointment in this part of the world, are entrenching their position in the Mediterranean and in Africa. The American Century, dreams of which come naturally to nearly every American, involves American economic domination of the Far East, and the turning of the Pacific, as one spokesman put it recently, into an American lake. Mr. Howard is one American who protests against all these tendencies, and who is mainly concerned that his country should stand for the same democratic ideals abroad as it does at home. At the front of his book he prints the noble words of Benjamin Franklin: "God grant that not only the love of Liberty but a thorough knowledge of the Rights of Man may pervade all the Nations of the Earth so that a Philosopher may set his foot anywhere and say: This is my Country."

The book is a review of the part played by American diplomacy in Far Eastern affairs since the days in the middle of the nineteenth century when both Chinese and Japanese began to react against white imperialism. The author's main point, which is illustrated time and again, is that American intervention, motivated by the drive for commercial profits, has nearly always been on the side of reaction in China and Japan. He points out that there is plenty of historical evidence of the growth of democratic forces in both China and Japan in the past, and that they have been defeated not by the strength of internal reactionary forces but by the support invariably given to reaction by British and American business interests and governments. His analysis of the position of the present regime in Japan is especially cogent; the corresponding chapters on China are apt to be somewhat confusing because they tell a much more complex story in a pattern which is not chronological. But the net effect is completely to demolish the picture which most Americans have in their own minds of the benevolence of the American role in Asia. American solicitude for the "territorial integrity" of China, he points out, was really the expression of a policy of keeping China a joint economic colony of all the powers. And no peace can be enduring in the Far East unless it is based on the emergence of a self-governing democratic China and a similar Japan. After long exposure to the experts in power politics, this is a stimulating and refreshing book.

Frank H. Underhill.

OXFORD PERIODICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR, No. 16, April to June, 1943: Edgar McInnis; Oxford; pp. 91; 25c.

It is not to be taken as a criticism of the Oxford Periodical History of the War series, or of its author, that the more recent numbers in the series have had the misfortune, from a literary standpoint, to appear at a time when contemporary events have outdistanced history in the public eye. Professor McInnis, in this latest volume, has set down for the record matters of very considerable significance—the final stages of the Tunisian campaign, the formal dissolution of the Comintern, the grouping of French patriots within the framework of the National Committee of Liberation, the reoccupation of Attu, the breaching of the Mohne and Eder dams, and the surrender of Pantelleria, to mention only the highlights—and in so doing has presented an able and concise introduction to matters of more impelling concern for the present.

The fact that the author has been able to encompass the significant developments of the period from April to June of the present year, months that might be modestly described as crowded, within the limited scope of 91 pages, is testimony to the high degree of objective reporting that has been maintained throughout the series. Professor McInnis writes with impartiality, a happy knack for the contemporary historian. His continuing efforts, and the co-operation of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs which has sponsored the series, are to be commended, for they have to their credit an invaluable reference guide to the evolving tide of war.

E. M.

WHAT TO DO WITH ITALY: Gaetano Salvemini and George La Piana; Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pierce); pp. 301; \$3.50.

The policy pursued by our Roosevelt-Churchill leadership in Italy has caused most of us to ask ourselves some inconvenient questions about the relation between our actions and our liberal-democratic professions. Since we have been generally too prone to despise the Italians, it is worth reminding ourselves that all the great Italian intellectuals and artists whom we know in North America—men such as Croce, Salvemini, Borgese, Toscanini—are outspoken liberals and democrats and have demonstrated their faith by actions and sacrifices as well as by words. This book by two Italian professors at Harvard was written before the allied armies got a foothold in Italy, but the alarm of its authors at the favor shown by Anglo-American diplomacy to a clerical-military-upper class fascism in Italy is now justified by what has happened in the last few months. The book should be required reading for all North American democrats whose brothers and sons are now fighting in Italy. It is especially valuable for its analysis of the part played by the Italian monarchy and by the Papacy in Italian affairs during the last generation. The authors do not think that their fellow Italians are such monarchists or papists as we are apt to believe on this side of the ocean. They want a liberal Italian republic, with the same regime of a separation of church and state as that to which we are accustomed here. Our grandfathers used to cheer for Mazzini and Garibaldi, and there must be a great many of their grandchildren in England and the United States who are outraged by this current spectacle of a new Metternichian system being set up in Italy and Europe. There must be some of them also in Canada, though one would never guess it from our newspaper editorials.

F. H. U.

FRENCH CANADA: Stanley B. Ryerson; Progress Publishing Co.; pp. 254; cloth \$2.00, paper \$1.00.

This book is one of many attempts to explain Quebec's problems to English-speaking Canadians. Mr. Ryerson, who is well known as the national educational director of the Labor-Progressive party, obviously writes from the standpoint of his party.

The first part of the book covers briefly the economic and political history of Quebec from the Quebec Act to 1917. It describes the growth of the democratic tradition from the fight under Papineau and Lafontaine for responsible government, to the struggle under Laurier for Canadian autonomy and freedom from clerical control. Mr. Ryerson sees the early struggles as "an integral part of the general revolutionary-democratic upheavals in the Europe and Asia of the 18th and 19th century." Any other interpretation is to him a distortion of history. He shows the part played by the Church (which became the ruling French-Canadian class after the Conquest) in helping the English commercial group gain economic control of the province. But he rightly sets against this the co-operation of the English reformers in Upper Canada with the French reformers in Lower Canada in the defense of their common interests. As Professor Creighton says, in his book *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence*, "It was the genius of the reformers that they first accepted the duality of Canadian life." Mr. Ryerson does not seem to allow enough for the fact that the democratic aspects of the struggle were increasingly overshadowed for the French-Canadians by the nationalist aspects. It was the ruthless determination of the English commercial oligarchy (so scathingly described by Professor Creighton) to make the colony British, with an utter disregard for the rights and liberties of their French-speaking fellow-citizens, which is so largely responsible for the strength of French-Canadian nationalist feeling, and for such movements as the Bloc Populaire today.

The second part of the book, titled "National Equality," is an excellent description of the effects of the policies of those early industrialists and their successors in Quebec today—a Quebec whose population is now two-thirds urban and one-third rural. In figures which are not new, but cannot be too often repeated, we are given the grim picture of social and economic conditions in the province.

The third section describes the development of the labor movement in Quebec. The realization of the need for an organized labor movement was quickened by the repressions of the notorious Duplessis regime. The increased membership in the international unions shows a recognition by the industrial workers of Quebec that they share the economic interests of industrial workers in other provinces.

Mr. Ryerson states that unity between the CCF and the Labor-Progressive party is essential for political action by labor, and then joins with the reactionary press in falsely accusing the CCF of "appeasing" the Bloc Populaire. He makes the usual Communist attacks on the CCF for not co-operating with the Labor-Progressive party. The answer to such attacks is in the statement of the CCF National Executive last September giving its reasons for refusing the request of the Labor-Progressive party for affiliation.

This last section of the book is more in the nature of a political pamphlet, and suffers from the use of a good deal of jargon. But the book as a whole is interesting and stimulating. English-speaking readers of every political shade might give thought to a sentence on page 85: "Every failure on the part of English Canada to fight consistently, hand in hand with French Canadians, for the fullest demo-

cratic rights of the minority nation has meant the weakening of Canadian democracy and Canadian unity in general, and the reinforcement of reactionary influence."

L. P.

FRENCH CANADA IN TRANSITION: Everett Cherrington Hughes; W. J. Gage & Co., Limited, Toronto (University of Chicago Press, 1943); pp. ix + 227; \$2.50.

Here is a book which any Canadian interested in his country will find important. For any citizen who is actively participating in national politics, it is a volume which should be read at once, and then kept available for constant reference in the future.

Professor Hughes, of the University of Chicago, has gone about the study with all the honest objectivity of the good sociologist. Most writings about Quebec have been composed either of sentimentalism with little regard to reality, or of effort to fit the Province into one or other of the communist, imperialist, ecclesiastical, or other current conceptions of the forces of good and evil dividing the world at the moment. This careful work forms a pleasant contrast.

French Canada in Transition is of even more immediate practical importance than was Horace Miner's *St. Denis, a French-Canadian Parish*. Miner studied rural Quebec, which is of the past and of declining importance. Hughes deals with the changes that are taking place in the new Quebec of the present and the future. For French Canadians today are "proportionately only slightly more occupied in farming than are English Canadians."

Since "the outstanding thing about Quebec of recent years has been the drawing of masses of its rural population into industry," Professor Hughes studies in detail one of the industrial centres (e.g., Drummondville), which now characterize the once rural and English-speaking Eastern Townships, into which the French have overflowed in large numbers from the area of the seigniories.

The town is referred to only as Cantonville (literally, "Townshipton"), and the reader who becomes familiar with it will know a great deal about any one of these new urbanized communities, Magog and Coaticook for example, down near the American border, which took the lead this past August in giving the new *Bloc Populaire Canadien* its first electoral victory, thereby removing the last Eastern Townships Protestant from the House of Commons, and replacing him as the member for Stanstead, curious though it may seem, by a typical young local farmer, a leader in the *Union Catholique des Cultivateurs*, but one for whom politics is not the traditional rural *rouge* and *bleu*, but rather an opportunity to protest against old-fashioned conditions and to speak for a restless French Canada not yet quite sure where the transition through which it is passing is going to end.

Professor Hughes begins his book with a general description of the rural background from which Cantonville has sprung. Every phase of the town's life is described, including, of course, the Church. Politics form only a small part, but it is disappointing to find that the study was made before the war, the plebiscite, and conscription. The period is that of the 1936 Union Nationale uprising in provincial politics against the traditional Liberal party. Mackenzie King had not yet destroyed the popularity of the Federal party which Laurier so skilfully built in the *bon vieux temps*.

At the end there is a chapter on Montreal, the metropolis by whose two hands "the transformation of the Cantonvilles is wrought . . . the finer, French one and the stronger, English one." There are excellent diagrams, and a good bibliography and index.

Gordon O. Rothney.

NEW ZEALAND: Walter Nash; Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pierce); pp. 335; \$3.75.

This is a cheering book. It is the clear responsible voice of reason and sanity in the midst of the almost deafening blare of insane and suicidal propaganda with which we are being attacked from all sides at the moment. Whilst in this country we are being told one thing and one thing only in every possible key from the urbane sophisticated tones of a polished contemporary to the scurrilous and nauseating advertising carried by a morning paper—to its disgrace—here is the living proof that they lie—or are mistaken. (Pardon me—we should perhaps try to be urbane too). The CCF want regimentation, the CCF won't let you do what you like, the CCF will shoot you if you don't conform, the CCF won't let you have pink or purple shoes, only black or brown (no kidding! there really was a short story to this effect in our urbane contemporary) and so on. We've heard it all over and over again—won't someone please put on another record? Yet it is these very same people who are all for more discipline in the schools. There's something queer there.

Walter Nash, now New Zealand minister in Washington but previously the holder of half a dozen portfolios in his own government, is an extremely hard-working and able man. You will find out this when you read and study this book, which you must do, not only for its interest but as an inoculation against the above mentioned propaganda. He gives here a brief account of New Zealand's geography and people, an account of what the Labor Government of 1935 did prior to the war, New Zealand's part—a very considerable one—in the war from the military and economic angle, and finally his own and his country's faith in their cause and hopes for the future. He is, I must admit, a little repetitious in this latter part and there is so much excellent quotable material that it is impossible to select any here. A few interesting facts: plural voting was abolished in 1889, female suffrage was introduced in 1898, old age pensions in 1898 (New Zealand being the first country in the world to introduce them). It was New Zealand who called for League action in support of China and Republican Spain, vigorously opposed appeasement, banned the shipment of scrap iron to Japan in 1936. (Let's see—when was it Canada took that step?).

Walter Nash is strong for the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms—the latter should be displayed on the walls of every school throughout the world, he says. This might certainly have a startling effect; it is rather a revolutionary document if taken literally. But probably ministers of education would give instructions to teachers to explain it to the children as being merely symbolical.

There is a good introduction by Eric Estorick (Sir Stafford Cripps' biographer) and six excellent appendices with statistics on New Zealand's military contribution to the war effort; hospital, medical and monetary benefits under the Social Security Act, expenditures on social services and currency values.

A book to buy and keep—or preferably lend to your reactionary friends.

Gwenyth Grube.

ON CANADIAN POETRY: E. K. Brown; Ryerson, pp. 157; \$2.25.

Luckily timed to accompany A. J. M. Smith's recent anthology of Canadian verse, appears what is probably the most significant book on the subject to date. Professor Brown is well known as an admirer of Matthew Arnold. As a writer of critical prose he shares the quietness, dignity and

integrity of that author, with an added precision that reminds one of Mr. T. S. Eliot. But the careful yet very readable style merely engages the confidence of the reader not used to such a combination in Canadian criticism; the subject-matter has the liveliest importance for all those interested in the artistic life of this country. There seems no reason to suppose that, properly considered, books of this sort could not have the same impact on the Canadian cultural scene as did Arnold's on the England of the last century. Anyway, it will now be impossible for any student of Canadian letters to ignore it.

The book is divided into three sections. It is probably in the first, "The Problem of a Canadian Literature," that Professor Brown is most provocative, although his judgments on the minor Canadian poets, in part two, and even on the three major figures which he treats in the last section, are bound to find questioners. But despite the sensitiveness and technical skill of his examination of individual poets, his discussion in general of "the peculiar difficulties which have weighed upon the Canadian writer" is bound to seem, at this moment of history, the most stimulating thing in the work.

What Professor Brown would call Canadian literature is still imprisoned by these difficulties. "To one who takes careful account of the difficulties which have steadily beset its growth its survival as something interesting and important seems a miracle." In neat and striking images he then gives form and definition to these sinister bogies, presenting them in order in their economic, psychological and physical aspects. The problem of the small audience is complicated by the language fissure, unequal competition with American and British authors and publishers, and the important economic fact of distance. And, although "There is a Canadian literature, often rising to effects of great beauty . . ." it is "unrealistic" to expect a great literature here unless future Canadian authors can be given a chance to disentangle themselves from the various expedient and inadequate solutions they have been forced to find for their economic problems. Part-time employment in letters, however happy and enjoyed, rarely results in great creative works, and cannot be expected to build a healthy, solid and widely-significant national literature. Further, the foundation work which remains to be done, the examination, in sketch, novel or memoir, of "the life of Canadian towns and cities as it really is," depends on both "artists and audience possessing in common a passionate and peculiar interest in the kind of life that exists in the country where they live," and presupposes a much more general sympathy with the contemplative and aesthetic values than is now the case. If the limitation of a regionalist literature is the result, it will at least be true in tone and fact, and a formative necessity for the future. It is this future, absolutely incalculable for Canada, that Professor Brown looks to in hope, even if now "in this country the plight of literature is a painful one."

This most useful and exciting general diagnosis is followed by an essay on "The Development of Poetry in Canada,"

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which examines in particular the formers of our history in verse, from Heavyside to Birney. Evaluations are made here with brilliance and discrimination, calmly, at times not without passion, but never either rhetorically or with a smirk. The complicated, often ungrateful material is pulled into shape, revealing a story of unequal, spotty merit, occasionally lighting up with more than promise or talent. The biggest lights Professor Brown sees in Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott and Pratt, the three whom he examines at greater length in his last section, "The Masters." He considers their values as a whole, not merely in the scintillating detail that can deceive, and he finds in them, if anywhere, the tradition we have, the tradition we must use.

Is this book therefore perfect? The answer is this: There is no space or need for tiny objections which this reviewer might be tempted to offer by way of pride.

Chester Duncan.

AT THE LONG SAULT: Archibald Lampman; Ryerson; pp. 45; \$2.00.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF POETRY: Henry W. Wells; Columbia University Press; pp. 246; \$2.75 (U.S.A.).

This collection of some previously unpublished poems by Archibald Lampman is a small but valuable addition to our poetic literature. It consists of a narrative piece based on an episode in Canadian history, twenty-three short poems of a miscellaneous character and eighteen love sonnets. There is a brief foreword by Duncan Campbell Scott and an interesting critical introduction by Professor E. K. Brown.

The title poem is exceptionally fine in its creation of a distinctively Canadian atmosphere that interpenetrates the description of the event itself, when a handful of French-Canadians were face to face with an overwhelming number of Iroquois attackers. This same feeling for atmosphere is evident in several other poems in this collection. But Lampman wrote during the latter decades of the nineteenth century, before the swift beat of the combustion engine had opened its barrage upon the countryside, and radio, airplane and movie had diminished geographical boundaries. His tone of quiet thoughtfulness, the attentive listening to the sounds of birds singing in his garden suggest that calmer era and, by comparison, is without much of the tension and harshness of those of our subsequent poets whose thinking and feeling has been pervaded by the noise of passing cars and four-engined bombers. In his manners—and I am thinking of the sweetness and courtliness of his love sonnets and his more dignified and reverential approach to poetry in general—he is likewise dated and therein one regards him as beautiful but passé, like the paintings of Cornelius Krieghoff.

It is in his thinking, however, his distrust of civilization and his insight into nature that he is most alive for us today. What distinguishes his work is not so much a technical brilliance as it is the expression of an organized personality with a philosophy of life which, reacting sharply to an environment cannot remain silent. And it is because of his philosophy of life, the assurance of his spiritual poise that one is drawn to read him, to feel at ease and admiring in his presence.

It is, perhaps, quite in keeping with our national disinterest in poetry that work of a high quality, by the foremost of our lyrical poets of the last century, could remain unpublished for more than a period of forty years.

The literary life of the United States is older—by a century at least—than that of Canada. It has therefore had more time to develop the expression of sectional characteristics and ideals. *The American Way of Poetry* by Henry W.

Wells is a collection of essays on the development of American poetry and is especially concerned with that phase of it that is essentially typical and expressive of American ideals. It makes pleasant and instructive reading. Mr. Wells writes in a smooth, scholarly fashion and chapter follows chapter, lucid and unjarring, as the even movement of a richly cultured mind. Though discussing a few of the major American poets he devotes considerable space to others not so well known, as the sea-captain, Philip Freneau, of the Revolutionary period and a surprisingly fertile contemporary, Dr. Merrill Moore, author of fifty thousand sonnets.

These brief essays help to show the relationship of each poet to the all-American character—a character which is summed up as breezy, nonconformable and eclectic. "While on the one hand our worst faults lie in too common and too cheaply conventional materialistic standards, on the other hand some of our chief virtues both in social action and aesthetic contemplation proceed from the belief in a social structure subject to criticism and control by the public will and never existing merely as a scaffold for conspicuous individuals."

Only a small part of the American character reaches us Canadians by radio or movie. Its surer and less forced interpretation by poetry, as outlined in such a book as this, reveals a people much more varied, adventurous, proud and enduring than might be suggested by the Chase and Sanborn or Grape Nuts Flakes programs.

Alan Creighton.

STAND ON A RAINBOW: Mary Quayle Innis; Collins; \$2.50.

Tennyson's dictum that woman is not lesser man, but diverse, is demonstrated in *Stand on a Rainbow*, the tale of a full year in the life of a Canadian family. It is probable that none of the male sex, with the possible exception of the late J. M. Barrie, could find pleasure in it. Remember the Barrie mother who climbed the tree with her child "and fell with him from every limb"? But to women it will be at once a delight, an escape and a catharsis—an interpretation for them of their own emotions and experiences by one who is just that necessary bit more intuitive and creative than they. Creation, as they know, only begins with the birth of the children. After that comes the really intensive effort to produce super men and women of them, at the same time hiding one's tools, giving them free play, and incidentally baking, cleaning and sewing for them. The incidental crown of martyrdom which families place on the heads of mothers is worn with an inward embarrassment, as not being really deserved.

In an intuitive family like the Everetts, of course, this works both ways. Leslie's determination on the day of the party (it developed into a party to end all parties) not to intrude in the lives of the children,—

"With the arrival of the first guest, Leslie retreated to her room and closed the door. Casual, aloof—she would be casual and aloof today if it killed her"—

is equalled by

"Leslie was wakened next morning by John being quiet outside her door. None of the children ever meant to wake her, but they were quiet sometimes with an energy which brought her upright and staring."

Though war and tragedy are remote from it, the book is

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really a wartime gift to the thousands of mothers who today are trying to maintain such jewel-like homes in a hostile world, with their subconscious all the time fixed on the Chopin Etude they intend to master, and the study of Plato which they must finish, and so on. It is also another answer to what is wrong with Nazism. Such homes should be the norm throughout the world. A word must be added for the author's unfailing humor—a quality much too rare in Canadian writing.

Eleanor McNaught.

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLERS: John D. Robins; Collins; pp. 229; \$3.00.

Well, I don't know about this book.

First off I read it like it was just about a mere fishing trip. Then I looked at the paper cover and then I read it like it was written by this man who says he is a professor down at the university. Both ways it reads nice. But the second way it reads nicer because I never knew before professors knew what they was like on fishing trips.

Here is the story as I make it out. This Robins and his friend, Tom, figure to paddle from Radiant to Lake Opeongo here in Algonquin Park, fishing along the way. Looking back I guess that's what they do, too. But they have a hell of a time with flies and mosquitos and portages and tipping over in the water and bread getting mouldy and wearing some kind of life-saving coats while they're in the canoe. Sometimes they get a little sharp with each other. In other ways things are real nice. They get some right lively fishing, in fact they got to hold themselves in on account of they agree they got to eat what they catch. The bush is pretty just around then, too, and they like that. And they get sort of friendly with some animals, especially squirrels, which is often a mistake. Robins sounds okay and his friend, Tom, seems like nice quiet company. You can tell they had a good time.

One thing, there's a story about Niagara Falls being made by a man digging in his heels to keep a log jam from busting too soon. It just don't seem likely. Outside of that I guess you'll like reading this book if you like reading. And fishing.

John MacDonald.

AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES: Francis Shoemaker; Columbia University Press; pp. 339; \$3.50 (U.S.A.)

This is presumably a text for students of philosophy and literature as well as a book of propaganda on behalf of the humanities. It is difficult to see how, combining these two purposes, it could find a Canadian public. Part I, "Ideas of Aesthetic Experience underlying Modern World Literature and Humanities Courses", might prove a working outline for the harassed student of philosophical aesthetics or of the psychology of the aesthetic experience. Part III, "Converging Ideas and Practices in World Literature and Modern Humanities Courses" contains a useful summary of modern points of view in Shakespearean criticism, and might be used by a student of English literature. Part II, "Enlarging Ideas of Aesthetic Experience among Spokesmen for the Humanities" might prove suggestive to the public speaker confronted with a speech on "Education". The general reader who has a taste for summaries and a greed for capsuled information, or the reader who longs for some coordination between his field and certain related ones, would find a certain amount of useful material here. But in the absence of the precise situation for which the book is designed its educational value in Canada is of very limited extent.

J. M.

Thus It Was

I felt it; it was not a
Separation, but a rending:
My soul was thunderstruck; and shorn of
Light, my thought slept in its shadow.
Thus it was; like a gust of wind
In the peaceful atmosphere. Haughty,
Through the awful night
I carried in my hand
A torch with which to light my path,
And it went out: just as darkness
Can snare evil and trap fate,
So was my madness quenched like flame.
I saw a tree along the road
And I sat down to weep my woe.
Thus it was, O wayfarer
Who look'st at me with absent glance
And quering expression.
I'm tired, so keep thou on,
My grief is commonplace and doesn't matter.
I loved and suffered, then found rapture, felt the godlike
Breath of madness and illusion;
I held a torch, but fate extinguished it,
So I sat down to weep my sorrow here,
Shaded by a wayside tree.

Luis G. Urvina (Mexican poet translated by Tom Irving)

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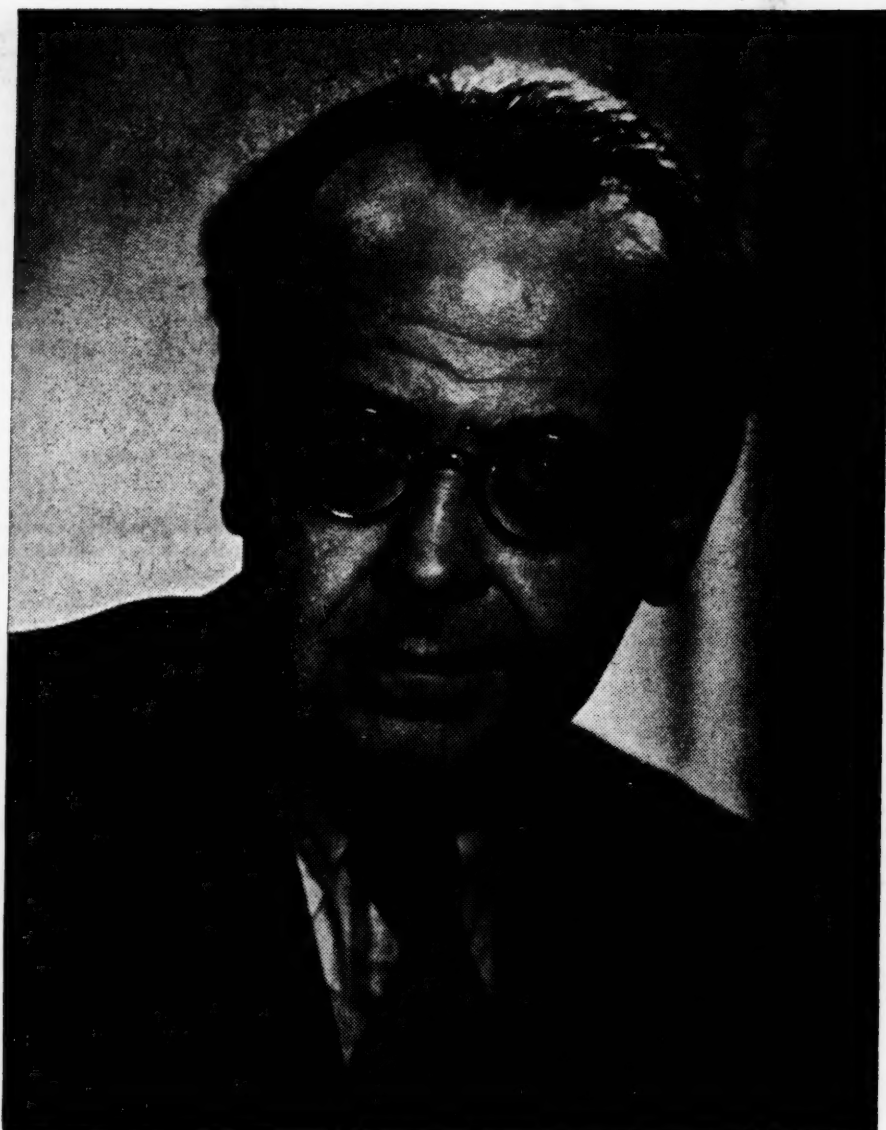
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